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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

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The Spiritual History of Religions

One of the shallowest generalizations of a shallow age is the commonly received view that religions develop, springing from simple and often absurd beginnings; from totemism, from the vision of the departed in dream, from highly decorative descriptions of the weather, and so forth. Books are written in elaboration of these themes; and defenceless youth is made to commit to memory the fantastical facts and illogical conclusions.

The stern truth, writ large through many centuries of the world, is, that religions do not develop in this way at all; often not in this or any way. For the most part, instead of developing, they degenerate, beginning high among the mountains of spiritual attainment, and with each century flowing steadily down hill. Reformers and restorers come, who, with burning hearts and ardent wills, check for awhile the downward flow, and even form new heights of their own; never, however, rising to the level of the original founder. Then they too depart, and the downward course continues.

Such is the history of religions, as it is recorded in the authentic annals of the world. There is first the coming of the founder, full of divine wisdom and power and compassion, rightly esteemed by his people to be divine. He passes through periods of trial and probation, and then, with a certain evident divinity resting on his brow, brings his message to the people; beginning, for the most part, with the religion of his nation as he finds it, and gradually inspiring and enkindling it to a finer glow of spiritual life; just as he begins with the language as he finds it, raising it and refining it to more spiritual uses.

When he has made his message known, the founder gathers about him, from the multitudes who have heard his words, a few chosen dis-

ciples, whom he straightway trains and disciplines, seeking in all ways to bring them closer to himself, to make them more and more partakers, not so much of his doctrine, as of his very life.

If all things favor him, the general spiritual culture of the times, the character, intelligence, heart and soul, of his disciples, then he is able to raise them to a higher degree of development than their fellows, bringing them closer to himself, making them share, not so much his view of life as his life itself, till the same living heart's blood flows through him and them; till they become conscious of his life, not outwardly alone, with all its purity and compassion, but inwardly in their hearts and souls, as a living fountain of love and immortal life.

Thereafter, the chosen disciples form, with their Master and with each other, a single united life, an Order, a unity of spiritual force, which becomes the inspiring heart of his religion. The disciples who are thus at one with the Master; who have given up the world, themselves and all things to follow the Master; who have stepped forth, as it were, from the life of the world to enter the life of the Master, become channels for the distribution of that life to others. The Master gives not a doctrine but himself. The disciples carry that life to others, and bring others to him.

The perfectly sacrificial life of the Master and founder, the perfect giving of himself to those who will accept the gift, becomes the central truth of his religion, and is handed down to other generations of his disciples, who, if his purpose is to be fully carried out, should enter fully into the life and consciousness of the Master, as did the first disciples who touched him personally and palpably in their daily life. For the Master, though now unseen by the bodily eyes, is not withdrawn or remote. His life is there, as a living presence, a splendid conscious being, a full spiritual individuality, a shining sea of life and love, for all succeeding generations of disciples to enter—if they are willing to give up their life in the world, exchanging it for a new life in the Master.

Such a perfectly sacrificial life was the life of Osiris, many thousand years ago in most ancient Egypt. He came in divine power and love, and gave not so much a religion as himself, a sacrifice, as the symbolic narrative recorded, freely offered up for the weal of men; his very body being cut up and scattered abroad, till its fragments were gathered together and made one again in a new and glorious life, by those who loved him. In this division of the body of Osiris is symbolized the giving of his life to many, the dividing of his life among many, and the forming of a new and greater life, wherein Master and disciples were one, with a divine flow of spiritual life-blood through them all.

Osiris departed from the visible world, it was taught, but did not thereby cease to be, nor was his bond with the people of Egypt broken. Rather might it be said that his true life then began; in the hidden divine world he ruled as King, guardian of the destinies of souls; and the departed, who had followed his righteous precepts, were "Osirified." They entered into his hidden, divine life, and became one with him. Others came forth again, after the rest of death, and began anew the work of purification and aspiration and effort, until such time as they should put off all dross, and put on holiness, thus fitting themselves to become one with the Master. Willingness to enter his life was the supreme qualification for that entrance. The different purifications and sacrifices were but expressions of that willingness in one or another region of effort and will. And in all this long task and upward struggle, the main driving power was that same life of the Master.

Of the life-history of Krishna, we have many records, hidden in symbols and traditions. From these, we can draw certain facts, basing on them certain inferences. He came, as a great spiritual being, some five thousand years ago, according to the tradition of India. Entering into the life of his time and land, he gradually revealed himself as the spiritual Master he was, to those disciples who were fitted to understand him. They are personified for us in the one disciple, Arjuna, and the teaching given to them is recorded as having been given to him. And to Arjuna he gave not so much teaching as himself, raising the life and consciousness of Arjuna to such a glow of spiritual fire, that the disciple became one with the Master, entering into the very soul and being of the Master.

Since the teaching and tradition of Krishna came down through succeeding centuries full of pure spiritual light and life, until it was embodied in that most spiritual scripture, the *Bhagavad Gita,* we may safely infer that Arjuna did not stand alone, as a single, isolated disciple, without co-disciples, without successors, but rather that the chain was unbroken, the links strongly welded and interlinked with each other; the Master standing in the background, behind the visible veil, as did Osiris, and gathering the new generations of disciples into his life; making them one with him as he had made Arjuna one with him, in the union of a single life, with the same heart's blood, the very life of the Master, flowing into every member, making the true life of each disciple, the life-blood of the whole, united. This is the true communion of the body and blood, the real presence, in its most spiritual and divine reality.

The tradition and lore of Krishna authenticates itself when it records him as teaching, in the Scripture which we have named: "Through love he learns Me truly, how great and what I am; then

knowing Me truly, he straightway enters that Supreme. Hear further My ultimate word, most secret of all; thou art exceeding dear to Me, therefore will I speak what is good for thee. Set thy heart on Me, full of love for Me, sacrificing to Me, make obeisance to Me, and thou shalt come to Me; this is truth I promise thee, for thou are dear to Me. Putting aside all other duties, come for refuge to Me alone; grieve not, for I shall free thee from all sins. This is never to be told by thee to him who is without fervor, without love, to him who seeks not to hear it, or who mocks at Me. Whosoever shall declare this supreme secret in the company of those who love Me, showing the highest love for Me, he shall surely come to Me."

We descend through the centuries, until we come to the history of Buddha, two and a half milleniums from our day, and divided, the most ancient tradition of India tells us, by an equal period from the time of Krishna's life as an avatar. Of Buddha, of Siddhartha the Compassionate, to give him the personal name he bore, before he became the Buddha, the Awakened One, we have more authentic, consecutive knowledge. His life is less symbolic than the far earlier lives of Krishna and Osiris, though very much of it, which wears the face of actual happening, is without doubt symbol also. Siddhartha began with the religion of his land, the culture of his day, and, picking up the thread of his divine destiny, gradually prepared himself to turn that religion into something more spiritual, more alive.

Through many purifications and trials, he conformed his outer nature to his inner divine being, raising himself till his whole life became divine, then after the supreme sacrifice of himself and his separate will, to the divine will and life, he came forth to teach the multitudes, speaking simply and directly to all, embracing all with a heart of compassion, seeking to bring all to his own divine being and life. From the multitudes who heard him, he chose a few true disciples; chose them chiefly for their readiness to give up all, and come to him; and these, when they had turned their backs on the life of the world, he initiated into his own being and life.

The words which, even to-day, are on the lips, and in the hearts, of the Buddha's true disciples, strike the key-note of his method and purpose: "I come to the Buddha as my refuge; I come to the assembly of disciples as my refuge; I come to his law as my refuge." Here again we have the Master drawing into his life and being the chosen disciples, who are disciples in virtue of that oneness of being with him, and thereafter share the Master's consciousness and the Master's will; these, in their turn, being manifestations of the universal Divine Consciousness and Will, in which the life of the Master rests, as the Son rests in the

life of the Father, and in virtue of whose overshadowing and all-penetrating power the Master is a Master. For it must never be forgotten that it is, in the last analysis, not a question of this Master or of that, but of the One Supreme Eternal, wherein all rest, and whence all beings and all things draw the virtue of their life.

It is quite true that this central reality of the Buddha's teaching was often discussed by the logic-chopping of the Doctors of Theology; so that, more especially, in the Southern Church with its center in Ceylon, there lives rather a travesty of the Buddha's religion than a true presentation of it; and this travesty has been still further travestied by some of our own Positivist Doctors of Science, so that a true presentation of the Buddha's religion, along the line so superbly laid down in *The Creed of Buddha,* is one of the crying needs of the world to-day. Yet even the Southern Buddhists, with all their dryness of thought, repeat the words which are the true key-note of their Master's teaching: "I go to the Buddha as my refuge: I go to the assembly of disciples as my refuge."

But among the more northerly Buddhist nations the spirit of the Master more truly lives. Some of us know, all of us ought to know, the wonderfully luminous and touching record of the spirit of Buddhism in Burma, in Fielding Hall's *Soul of a People.* There breathes the very essence of the life of the Master, as it inspires a reverent and happy people to-day. In Japan, also, there is much of the true life of Buddhism; more, perhaps, than in any other land. We are fortunate in having at hand for quotation, an eloquent article, in *Sunset,* by a Japanese Buddhist, Yone Noguchi, entitled *The Japanese Temple of Silence:*

"I stepped into the desolation of the Temple of Silence, Engakuji of famous Kamakura, that completely awakened temple, under the blessing of dusk; it is at evening that the temple tragically soars into the magnificence of loneliness under a chill air stirred up from the mountains and glades by the rolls of the evening bell. I had journeyed from Tokyo, the hive of noise, here to read a page or two of the whole language of silence which, far from mocking you with all sorts of crazy-shaped interrogation marks, soothes you with the song of prayer. In truth, I came here to confess how little is our human intellect. I slowly climbed the steps and passed by many a *tatchu* temple like Shonei An, Zoroku An —dear is this name of Tortoise Temple—and others which serve as vassals to great Engakuji, and finally reached the priest hall to learn to my no small delight that the opening ceremony of Dai Setshin, or 'Great Meeting with Spirit,' was going to be held that night. . . .

"The chamber, although it was quite dark already, could be seen to be wider than fifty mats; and here and there I observed that the

Koji's or laymen were taking their own places, doubtless communing in their souls with the silence which does not awe you, but to which you have to submit yourself without a challenge, with a prayer. Silence is not here a weapon as it might happen to be in some other place; it is a gospel whose unwritten words can be read through the virtue of self-forgetting. . . .

"All the priests stood and read the *dharani* of Great Mercy, and ended with their vows of consecration:

" 'We vow to save all unlimited mankind;

" 'We vow to cut down all the exhaustless lusts;

" 'We vow to learn all the boundless laws;

" 'We vow to complete all the peerless understanding. . . .'

"Here are mountain, river, flower, grass; the moon is not the same thing with the sun. But the law which forced them to appear to their existence is the same law; to one who understands its true meaning, they are the same thing or the same thing under different shapes. The law is eternal; its power covers the whole world; and yet if you are blinded with your own self, you cannot see it at all. We call it illness of soul to have love fighting with hatred, goodness with badness; and if you do not understand the real state of the law, your silence will be foolishly disturbed. To gain the perfect silence is a triumph; it makes you soar high above your own self and doubt. And it is the expression of the real law of the world and man. By its virtue you can perfectly join with great Nature; then you are Eternity itself. And you are Buddha." Here is the true spirit of the Buddha's religion; a living echo of the sacramental words: "I go to the Buddha as my refuge; I go to the assembly of disciples as my refuge; I go to his law as my refuge."

If time and space allowed, we would willingly write of a great Indian avatar who came after the Buddha, the Master Shankara, from whom came for centuries all that was most living in the Indian Wisdom. He, too, like the Masters whose names we have cited, carried his teaching through many regions, and then, from the multitudes who heard him, chose disciples, whom he initiated into his innermost wisdom, or, to speak more truly, into his very life and being. He insisted, as all the Masters who preceded him had insisted, that these disciples should come forth from the life of the world, that they might enter into his life; that they should put away the perverse personal will and the froward motions of the mind, in order that they might enter into the Divine Will and the Divine Mind, thenceforth forming a part of the Divine Being. These disciples in their turn chose disciples qualified to learn the teaching and lead the life; qualified, most of all, by their willingness to lead the life, to pass from the one life to the other, from the life of the world to the life of the divine, from self-will to the will of the Master.

Somewhat impaired by time, perhaps, yet in unbroken descent from the great Shankara, that line of disciples has descended to our own day, with the same high ideal of luminous wisdom and high purity, the same deep reverence, the same demand for perfect self-sacrifice in the disciple. From the followers of Shankara, the disciples of that line, we have received all the noblest scriptures of India, among the greatest and most inspiring scriptures in the world; receiving, with them, a living tradition, handed down from disciple to disciple, concerning the meaning and significance of much in them that were else perplexing and obscure. And the whole thought of the world, East and West alike, is being enkindled and illumined by the light that comes to us from Shankara and his disciples, a light which is adding new meaning to the records of all religions.

Come we now to the Master within whose "sphere of influence" most of us were born and dwell. He, too, announced himself as an avatar: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep. I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture. I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life."

The great Western Master used a metaphor of wonderful vividness and force for that oneness of being which unites the disciples to the Master in a single, undivided life: "I am come down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. And this is the will of him that sent me, that everyone which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day. I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me."

One of his disciples uses another image, and a beautiful one, for the same oneness of being, which brings the disciple into the life of the Master: "Now the Master is that Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Master is, there is liberty. But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Master, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Master." And this same disciple writes with touching tenderness: "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you."

Another disciple, he who, of those first chosen, was closest to the Master in understanding love, records these words, spoken by the Master, when all the first disciples but this one had died, and the beloved disciple alone remained; once again, the Master is speaking of the oneness of life, wherein the disciple, after he has come forth from the life of the world, becomes one with the Master, and enters into the being of the Master: "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and eye salve to anoint thine eyes, that thou mayest see. Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

So from the instances of these great Masters we may learn that the substance of the world's religions is no difficult and complex matter, but is, indeed, supremely simple. It is a question of the life of the Master, and of the disciple entering into the life of the Master, and that life entering into the disciple, so that the consciousness and will become the disciple's consciousness and will; the divine everlasting life of the Master becomes the disciple's true life; he lives in that, and so in the Father, the Eternal. He is a part of the Eternal, Divine Life, and one with all who dwell therein. He is with the Master and in the Master, who is in the Father, the Eternal.

All precepts of all religions have but this one aim, supremely simple, the only purpose in the world worth following, for it alone makes for immortality: the aim, namely, of bringing the disciple to the Master, and fitting him to become one with the Master, to enter into the Master's very life. Therefore the spiritual history of religions is the history of Masters, the history of the Lodge; and the substance of that history, in whatever age, in whatever land, is the union of disciples in and with the Master's life, in a single being, with a single consciousness and will, the same heart's blood and life flowing through all. Churches are, or should be, bodies of disciples, living together, not in the tradition of a by-gone Preceptor, but in the very life and heart and soul of a living Master, and so in the life of the Lodge, wherein all Masters are at one. This oneness of life with the Masters is the supreme and all-important reality of life; and what was possible in the days of Osiris, or Krishna, or Buddha, or Jesus, is possible here and now, for the ages pass but the Masters live for ever.

FRAGMENTS

When the days are dark and the shadows gather, then, O beloved Master, we turn to thee.

Eternal Radiance! send the beams of thy glory into this darkness, and though they show more clearly the towering masses of the storm clouds, yet in thy light shall we also see light; turning adoring eyes and hearts to thee.

Out of the weariness and pain of life we grope with faltering steps upward along those beams. Then, in thy mercy, grant them to us,—we who strive and cry and open mouths of unrelieved complaint, so that our wailings fill the piteous world and leave a mournful undertone in Heaven. Black is this pit and horrible where we have plunged, seeking to find thy will, and serve. O tender Master, hear!

Lo! He comes. His gathering glory lights the eastern sky. There, where the crosses stand sharp black against its dawn, we see it glow and glow—pale lilac, green, a deepening amethyst, effulgent ruby; then, O miracle, the dazzling wonder of the Golden Rose! From its deep heart the pathway stretches down, rainbowed by angels in vast companies, like wake of heavenly suns on heavenly seas,—or myriad planets clustered in one knot. Dare we, O Radiance, trust these feeble eyes so used to darkness? Yet that light heals blindness, does not cause it. So we look, under the arches of those rainbowed wings, straight to the heart of Life!

O vision marvelous! never to be forgotten or gainsaid. For when we take again the simple round of human life and care we find reflections of it shining back to us, caught in the gold strands of the childrens' hair,—deep in the tenderness of women's eyes,—flaming within the hearts of noble men,—and spreading wide on all the hills and fields of lovely earth.

And I muse: great is man's power of invocation! He prays, and Heaven showers golden radiance on his head, lights the whole world, and a new earth is born.

CAVÉ.

PATANJALI'S YOGA SUTRAS*

TRANSLATED WITH A COMMENTARY

By

Charles Johnston

THE Third Book of the Sûtras has fairly completed the history of the birth and growth of the spiritual man, and the enumeration of his powers; at least so far as concerns that first epoch in his immortal life, which immediately succeeds, and supersedes, the life of the natural man.

In the Fourth Book, we are to consider what one might call the mechanism of Salvation, the ideally simple working of cosmic law which brings the spiritual man to birth, growth, and fullness of power, and prepares him for the splendid, toilsome further stages of his great journey home.

The Sûtras are here brief to obscurity; only a few words, for example, are given to the great triune mystery and illusion of Time; a phrase or two indicate the sweep of some universal law. Yet it is hoped that, by keeping our eyes fixed on the spiritual man, remembering that he is the hero of the story, and that all that is written concerns him and his adventures, we may be able to find our way through this thicket of tangled words, and keep in our hands the clue to the mystery.

Translation of Book IV, Part I

1. Psychic and spiritual powers may be inborn, or they may be gained by the use of drugs, or by incantations, or by Meditation.

Spiritual powers have been enumerated and described in the preceding sections. They are the normal powers of the spiritual man, the antetype, the divine edition, of the powers of the natural man. Through these powers, the spiritual man stands, sees, hears, speaks, in the spiritual world, as the physical man stands, sees, hears, speaks, in the natural world.

There is a counterfeit presentment of the spiritual man, in the world of dreams, a shadow lord of shadows, who has his own dreamy powers of vision, of hearing, of movement; he has left the natural without reaching the spiritual. He has set forth from the shore, but has not gained the further verge of the river. He is borne along by the stream, with no foothold on either shore. Leaving the actual, he has fallen short of the real, caught in the limbo of vanities and delusions.

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The cause of this aberrant phantasm is always the worship of a false, vain self, the lord of dreams, within one's own breast. This is the psychic man, lord of delusive and bewildering psychic powers.

Spiritual powers, like intellectual or artistic gifts, may be inborn: the fruit, that is, of seeds planted and reared with toil in a former birth. So also the powers of the psychic man may be inborn, a delusive harvest from seeds of delusion.

Psychical powers may be gained by drugs, as poverty, shame, debasement may be gained by the self-same drugs. In their action, they are baneful, cutting the man off from consciousness of the restraining power of his divine nature, so that his forces break forth exuberant, like the laughter of drunkards, and he sees and hears things delusive. While sinking, he believes that he has risen; growing weaker, he thinks himself full of strength; beholding illusions, he takes them to be true. Such are the powers gained by drugs, psychic wholly, since the real powers, the spiritual, can never be so gained.

Incantations are affirmations of half-truths concerning spirit and matter, what is and what is not, which work upon the mind and slowly build up a wraith of powers and a delusive well-being. These, too, are of the psychic realm of dreams.

Lastly, there are the true powers of the spiritual man, built up and realized in Meditation, through reverent obedience to spiritual law, to the pure conditions of being, in the divine realm.

2. The transfer of powers from one plane to another comes through the flow of the natural creative forces.

Here, if you can perceive it, is the whole secret of spiritual birth, growth and life. Spiritual being, like all being, is but an expression of the Self, of the inherent power and being of Atma. Inherent in the Self are consciousness and will, which have, as their lordly heritage, the wide sweep of the universe throughout eternity, for the Self is one with the Eternal. And the consciousness of the Self may make itself manifest as seeing, hearing, touching, tasting, feeling, or whatsoever perceptive powers there may be, just as the white sunlight may divide into many-colored rays. So may the will of the Self manifest itself in the uttering of words, or in handling, or in moving, and whatever powers of action there are throughout the seven worlds. Where the Self is, there will its powers be. It is but a question of the vesture through which these powers shall shine forth. And wherever the consciousness and desire of the ever-creative Self is fixed, there will a vesture be built up; where the heart is, there will the treasure be also.

Since through ages the desire of the Self has been toward the natural world, wherein the Self sought to mirror himself that he might know himself, therefore a vesture of natural elements came into being, through

which blossomed forth the Self's powers of perceiving and of will: the power to see, to hear, to speak, to walk, to handle; and when the Self, thus come to self-consciousness, and, with it, to a knowledge of his imprisonment, shall set his desire on the divine and real world, and raise his consciousness thereto, the spiritual vesture shall be built up for him there, with its expression of his inherent powers. Nor will migration thither be difficult for the Self, since the divine is no strange or foreign land for him, but the house of his home, where he dwells from everlasting.

3. The apparent, immediate cause is not the true cause of the creative nature-powers; but, like the husbandman in his field, it takes obstacles away.

The husbandman tills his field, breaking up the clods of earth into fine mould, penetrable to air and rain; he sows his seed, carefully covering it, for fear of birds and the wind; he waters the seed-laden earth, turning the little rills from the irrigation tank now this way and that, removing obstacles from the channels, until the even flow of water vitalizes the whole field. And so the plants germinate and grow, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. But it is not the husbandman who makes them grow. It is, first, the miraculous plasmic power in the grain of seed, which brings forth after its kind; then the alchemy of sunlight which, in presence of the green coloring matter of the leaves, gathers hydrogen from the water and carbon from the gases in the air, and mingles them in the hydro-carbons of plant-growth; and, finally, the wholly Occult vital powers of the plant itself, stored up through ages, and flowing down from the primal sources of life. The husbandman but removes the obstacles. He plants and waters, but God gives the increase.

So with the finer husbandman of diviner fields. He tills and sows, but the growth of the spiritual man comes through the surge and flow of divine, creative forces and powers. Here, again, God gives the increase. The divine Self puts forth, for the manifestation of its powers, a new and finer vesture, the body of the spiritual man.

4. Vestures of consciousness are built up in conformity with the position of the feeling of selfhood.

The Self, says a great Teacher, in turn attributes itself to three vestures: first, to the physical body, then to the finer body, and thirdly to the causal body. Finally it stands forth radiant, luminous, joyous, as the Self.

When the Self attributes itself to the physical body, there arise the states of bodily consciousness, built up about the physical self.

When the Self, breaking through this first illusion, begins to see and feel itself in the finer body, to find selfhood there, then the states of consciousness of the finer body come into being; or, to speak exactly, the finer body and its states of consciousness arise and grow together.

But the Self must not dwell permanently there. It must learn to find itself in the causal body, to build up the wide and luminous fields of consciousness that belong to that.

Nor must it dwell forever there, for there remains the fourth state, the divine, with its own splendor and everlastingness.

It is all a question of the states of consciousness; all a question of raising the sense of selfhood, until it dwells forever in the Eternal.

5. In the different fields of manifestation, the consciousness, though one, is the effective cause of many states of consciousness.

Here is the splendid teaching of oneness that lies at the heart of the Eastern wisdom. Consciousness is ultimately One, everywhere and forever. The Eternal, the Father, is the One Self of All Beings. And so, in each individual who is but a facet of that Self, Consciousness is One. Whether it breaks through as the dull fire of physical life, or the murky flame of the psychic and passional, or the radiance of the spiritual man, or the full glory of the Divine, it is ever the Light, naught but the Light. The one Consciousness is the effective cause of all states of consciousness, on every plane.

6. Among states of consciousness, that which is born of Meditation is free from the seed of future sorrow.

Where the consciousness breaks forth in the physical body, and the full play of bodily life begins, its progression carries with it inevitable limitations. Birth involves death. Meetings have their partings. Hunger alternates with satiety. Age follows on the heels of youth. So do the states of consciousness run along the circle of birth and death.

With the psychic, the alternation between prize and penalty is swifter. Hope has its shadow of fear, or it is no hope. Exclusive love is tortured by jealousy. Pleasure passes through deadness into pain. Pain's surcease brings pleasure back again. So here, too, the states of consciousness run their circle. In all psychic states there is egotism, which, indeed, is the very essence of the psychic; and where there is egotism there is ever the seed of future sorrow. Desire carries bondage in its womb.

But where the pure spiritual consciousness begins, free from self and stain, the ancient law of retaliation ceases; the penalty of sorrow lapses and is no more imposed. The soul now passes, no longer from sorrow to sorrow, but from glory to glory. Its growth and splendor have no limit. The good passes to better, best.

7. The works of followers after Union make neither for bright pleasure nor for dark pain. The works of others make for pleasure or pain, or a mingling of these.

The man of desire wins from his works the reward of pleasure, or incurs the penalty of pain; or, as so often happens in life, his guerdon, like the passionate mood of the lover, is part pleasure and part pain. Works done with self-seeking bear within them the seeds of future sorrow; conversely, according to the proverb, present pain is future gain.

But, for him who has gone beyond desire, whose desire is set on the Eternal, neither pain to be avoided nor pleasure to be gained inspires his work. He fears no hell and desires no heaven. His one desire is, to know the will of the Father and finish his work. He comes directly in line with the divine Will, and works cleanly and immediately, without longing or fear. His heart dwells in the Eternal; all his desires are set on the Eternal.

8. From the force inherent in works comes the manifestation of those dynamic mind-images which are conformable to the ripening out of each of these works.

We are now to consider the general mechanism of Karma, in order that we may pass on to the consideration of him who is free from Karma. Karma, indeed, is the concern of the personal man, of his bondage or freedom. It is the succession of the forces which build up the personal man, reproducing themselves in one personality after another.

Now let us take an imaginary case, to see how these forces may work out. Let us think of a man, with murderous intent in his heart, striking with a dagger at his enemy. He makes a red wound in his victim's breast; at the same instant he paints, in his own mind, a picture of that wound: a picture dynamic with all the fierce will-power he has put into his murderous blow. In other words he has made a deep wound in his own psychic body; and, when he comes to be born again, that body will become his outermost vesture, upon which, with its wound still there, bodily tissue will be built up. So the man will be born maimed, or with the predisposition to some mortal injury; he is unguarded at that point, and any trifling accidental blow will pierce the broken joints of his psychic armor. Thus do the dynamic mind-images manifest themselves, coming to the surface, so that works done in the past may ripen and come to fruition.

9. Works separated by different births, or place, or time may be brought together by uniformity of memory or dynamic impression.

Just as, in the ripening out of mind-images into bodily conditions, the effect is brought about by the ray of creative force sent down by

the Self, somewhat as the light of the magic lantern projects the details of a picture on the screen, revealing the hidden, and making secret things palpable and visible, so does this divine ray exercise a selective power on the dynamic mind-images, bringing together into one day of life the seeds gathered from many days. The memory constantly exemplifies this power; a passage of poetry will call up in the mind like passages of many poets, read at different times. So a prayer may call up many prayers.

In like manner, the same over-ruling selective power, which is a ray of the Higher Self, gathers together from different births and times and places those mind-images which are conformable, and may be grouped in the frame of a single life or a single event. Through this grouping are visible bodily conditions or outward circumstances brought about, and by these the soul is taught and trained.

Just as the dynamic mind-images of desire ripen out in bodily conditions and circumstances, so the far more dynamic powers of aspiration, wherein the soul reaches toward the Eternal, have their fruition in a finer world, building the vesture of the spiritual man.

10. The series of dynamic mind-images is beginningless, because Desire is everlasting.

The whole series of dynamic mind-images, which make up the entire history of the personal man, is a part of the mechanism which the Self employs, to mirror itself in a reflection, to embody its powers in an outward form, to the end of self-expression, self-realization, self-knowledge. Therefore the initial impulse behind these dynamic mind-images comes from the Self, and is the descending ray of the Self; so that it cannot be said that there is any first member of the series of images, from which the rest arose. The impulse is beginningless, since it comes from the Self, which is from everlasting. Desire is not to cease; it is to turn to the Eternal, and so become aspiration.

11. Since the dynamic mind-images are held together by impulses of desire, by the wish for personal reward, by the substratum of mental habit, by the support of outer things desired; therefore, when these cease, the self-reproduction of dynamic mind-images ceases.

We are still concerned with the personal life in its bodily vesture, and with the process whereby the forces, which have upheld it, are gradually transferred to the life of the spiritual man, and build up for him his finer vesture in a finer world.

How is the current to be changed? How is the flow of self-reproductive mind-images, which have built the conditions of life after life in this world of bondage, to be checked, that the time of imprisonment may come to an end, the day of liberation dawn?

The answer is given in the sûtra just translated. The true driving-force is withdrawn and directed to the upbuilding of the spiritual body, which shall, in its turn, be transmuted to the finer causal body, and this in turn be changed to the vesture of radiance.

When the building impulses and forces are withdrawn, the tendency to manifest a new physical body, a new body of bondage, ceases with them.

12. The difference between that which is past and that which is not yet come, according to their natures, depends on the difference of phase of their properties.

Here we come to a high and difficult matter, which has always been held to be of great moment in the Eastern wisdom: the thought that the division of time into past, present and future is, in great measure, an illusion; that past, present, future all dwell together in the eternal Now.

The discernment of this truth has been held to be so necessarily a part of wisdom, that one of the names of the Enlightened is: "he who has passed beyond the three times: past, present, future."

So the Western Master said: "Before Abraham was, I am"; and again, "I am with you alway, unto the end of the world"; using the eternal present for past and future alike. With the same purpose, the Master speaks of himself as "the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last."

And a Master of our own days writes: "I feel even irritated at having to use these three clumsy words—Past, Present, and Future. Miserable concepts of the objective phases of the subjective whole, they are about as ill-adapted for the purpose, as an axe for fine carving."

One feels that there must be something wofully wrong with words that can so far disturb that high, urbane serenity.

In the eternal Now, both past and future are consummated.

Björklund, the Swedish philosopher, has well stated the same truth: "Neither past nor future can exist to God; He lives undividedly, without limitations, and needs not, as man, plot out his existence in a series of moments. Eternity then is not identical with unending time; it is a different form of existence, related to time as the perfect to the imperfect. . . . Man as an entity for himself must have the natural limitations for the part. Conceived by God man is eternal in the divine sense, but conceived by himself man's eternal life is clothed in the limitations we call time. The eternal is a constant present without beginning or end, without past or future."

13. These properties, whether manifest or latent, are of the nature of the Three Potencies.

The Three Potencies are the three manifested modifications of the

one primal material, which stands opposite to perceiving consciousness. These Three Potencies are called Substance, Force, Darkness; or viewed rather for their moral coloring, Goodness, Passion, Inertness. Every material manifestation is a projection of substance into the empty space of Darkness. Every mental state is either good, or passional, or inert. So, whether subjective or objective, latent or manifest, all things that present themselves to the perceiving consciousness are compounded of these three.

14. The external manifestation of an object takes place when the transformations are in the same phase.

We should be inclined to express the same law by saying, for example, that a sound is audible, when it consists of vibrations within the compass of the auditory nerve; that an object is visible, when either directly or by reflection, it sends forth luminiferous vibrations within the compass of the retina and the optic nerve. Vibrations below or above that compass make no impression at all, and the object remains invisible; as, for example, a kettle of boiling water in a dark room, though the kettle is sending forth heat vibrations closely akin to light.

So, when the vibrations of the object and those of the perceptive power are in the same phase, the external manifestation of the object takes place.

There seems to be a further suggestion that the appearance of an object in the "present," or its remaining hid in the "past," or "future," is likewise a question of phase, and, just as the range of vibrations perceived might be increased by the development of finer senses, so the perception of things past, and things to come, may be easy from a higher point of view.

15. The paths of material things and of states of consciousness are distinct, as is manifest from the fact that the same object may produce different impressions in different minds.

Having shown that our bodily condition and circumstances depend on Karma, while Karma depends on perception and will, the sage recognizes the fact that from this may be drawn the false deduction that material things are in no wise different from states of mind. The same thought has occurred, and still occurs, to all philosophers; and, by various reasonings, they all come to the same wise conclusion; that the material world is not made by the mood of any human mind, but is rather the manifestation of the totality of invisible Being, whether we call this Mahat, with the ancients, or Ether, with the moderns.

16. Nor do material objects depend upon a single mind, for how could they remain objective to others, if that mind ceased to think of them?

This is but a further development of the thought of the preceding sûtra, carrying on the thought that, while the universe is spiritual, yet its material expression is ordered, consistent, ruled by law, not subject to the whims or affirmations of a single mind, unwelcome material things may be escaped by spiritual growth, by rising to a realm above them, and not by denying their existence on their own plane. So that our system is neither materialistic, nor idealistic in the extreme sense, but rather intuitional and spiritual, holding that matter is the manifestation of spirit as a whole, a reflection or externalization of spirit, and, like spirit, everywhere obedient to law. The path of liberation is not through denial of matter but through denial of the wills of self, through obedience, and that aspiration which builds the vesture of the spiritual man.

17. **An object is perceived, or not perceived according as the mind is, or is not, tinged with the color of the object.**

The simplest manifestation of this is the matter of attention. Our minds apprehend what they wish to apprehend; all else passes unnoticed, or, on the other hand, we perceive what we resent, as, for example, the noise of a passing train; while others, used to the sound, do not notice it at all.

But the deeper meaning is, that out of the vast totality of objects ever present in the universe, the mind perceives only those which conform to the hue of its Karma. The rest remains unseen, even though close at hand.

This spiritual law has been well expressed by Emerson:

"Through solidest eternal things the man finds his road as if they did not subsist, and does not once suspect their being. As soon as he needs a new object, suddenly he beholds it, and no longer attempts to pass through it, but takes another way. When he has exhausted for the time the nourishment to be drawn from any one person or thing, that object is withdrawn from his observation, and though still in his immediate neighborhood, he does not suspect its presence. Nothing is dead. Men feign themselves dead, and endure mock funerals and mournful obituaries, and there they stand looking out of the window, sound and well, in some new and strange disguise. Jesus is not dead, he is very well alive: nor John, nor Paul, nor Mahomet, nor Aristotle; at times we believe we have seen them all, and could easily tell the names under which they go."

(*To be concluded.*)

GOSSIP ABOUT SAINTS

SINCE good old Butler's *Lives of the Saints* was the orthodox reading for Sunday afternoons, and was the hair shirt of many an active, healthy boy and girl, who longed to be out of doors, a whole host of excellent books dealing with this fascinating subject has been published. Some of these have received mention in the QUARTERLY; very many have not. They will repay reading, not only for religious incentive and edification but for their purely human interest and instruction.

What, for instance, could be more delightful than the story of the simple-minded Cistercian monk who suffered from a grievous temptation. He was overheard threatening the Lord that if He did not remove the temptation he would complain of Him to His Blessed Mother! And the pious old chronicler adds that the Lord accepted the intent of the prayer, and (overlooking its manner), speedily removed the temptation.*

Then there is the famous story of the abbot Spiridion, which is quoted by Lea in his *History of the Inquisition* to illustrate certain types of religious faith in the middle ages. This good man lived for 104 years and never grew old. He ruled the abbey, which he had founded, with such gentleness, wisdom and love that it became a Mecca for those desiring a monastic life. When finally gathered to his fathers and safely buried in a shrine in the abbey, his remains began to work miraculous cures, and the lame, the halt and the blind came from miles around to seek relief. The peace of the abbey was so disturbed by these growing crowds of worshippers that the new abbot and his chosen councillors had a conference about what they could do to put an end to this interruption of their monastic calm. They decided to address a petition to their sainted abbot.

Whereupon, after High Mass on All Saints' Day the religious walked in procession to the old man's shrine. There, the abbot struck thrice on the stone coffin with his shepherd's staff of rule, and three times he called aloud, "Spiridion! Spiridion! Spiridion!" and begged him, as he had been father and first founder of that monastery, to listen to the grievance which had befallen them in consequence of the miracles he had wrought from his grave. "Make then, we beseech thee, no further sign from thy sepulchre. That is what we ask of thee, expecting it of thy love. But if it be that thou deny us, solemnly we declare unto thee, by the obedience which once we owed thee, we shall unearth thy bones and cast them forth from among us."

Sad to say the holy Spiridion paid no attention to this appeal. His

* *Cistercian Legends of the 13th Century.* R. Washburne, London.

followers supposed that he was too busy with the delights of Heaven. Howbeit when they discovered that the miracles continued unabated, they opened the coffin, found the body uncorrupted, carried it to the river bank, and there, amid tears, lamentations and prayers, they burned the remains and scattered the ashes to the four winds of heaven. Naturally the miracles ceased.

This same Spiridion had the gift of inner vision. He knew what every one thought and said, and this gave rise to much trouble in the abbey, for the brethren grew afraid of him. They were abashed at the idea that he knew all their most secret thoughts and that every vain fancy was laid bare to his knowledge. The abbot was quick to perceive this change and he summoned them all to meet him in chapter. Then he addressed them thus:

"Truly it is a grievous and a terrible thing that any man should see with the eyes of the soul more than it is given the eye of flesh to see; and I pray you brethren, beseech the Lord, if it be His will, that the vision be withdrawn from me. So much for myself; but as for you, dear children, why are you grieved? Because it may be that I see you when you think no man sees you? Am I then the only one who sees you? Is there not at least one other—the high God, from whom the hidden man of the heart is nowise hidden? If you do not fear His holy eyes, little need you fear the eyes of any sinful man."

Such a man was the abbot Spiridion. His spirit passed from among men in the hundred and fifth year of his exile, while he was listening to the brothers singing prime. His cheeks suddenly flushed, and thinking he might be in pain, his companions asked if there was aught they could do to relieve him. He replied in a low voice, "When the heart is glad, the face flowers," and a little later he laughed softly to himself, and they knew that his end was gladness.*

But all the tales are not so pleasing to our modern ears. Take St. Angela of Foligno, a very famous lady, much revered by the faithful. She finds that her mother and husband are in her way, so she prays God to take them from her, and quite naïvely and candidly says: "In that time, and by God's will, there died my mother, who was a great hindrance to me in following the way of God: my husband died likewise, and in a short time there also died all my children. And because I had commenced to follow the aforesaid way, and had prayed God that He would rid me of them, I had great consolations of their deaths, albeit I did also feel some grief. Wherefore, because that God had shown this grace unto me, I did imagine that my heart was in the heart of God and that His will and His heart were in my heart." ! !

Could candour go further? I am afraid that we must accuse

* This, and similar stories, are from *A Child's Book of Saints*, by William Canton, published by E. P. Dutton & Co, New York, and J. W. Dent & Son, London. It is a charming little book, written with a grace, delicacy and feeling which go straight to the heart. By all means get and read it. (J. B.)

St. Angela of suffering from what we may call confusion of mind; or perhaps her biographers, pious souls, may have made her do so. The quotation may really have been her graceful way of accepting the great grief which the loss of her family really was to her. That is what I think anyhow. I prefer to think the best about the saints.

Then there are the stories that are hard to believe for other reasons. For instance, one old gentleman was specially famous for levitating when in deep prayer. He would go into the garden to pray and when called to his dinner, his comrades would find him floating around among the trees. They would get the gardener to come with his rake and rake the old man down to earth. It is even said that the gardener grumbled mightily because of this unprofessional duty which was required of him. Now a scientifically trained friend of mine refuses to believe this anecdote. He talks learnedly about the law of gravitation and that if prayer could neutralize the weight of the body it would fly off into space at the rate of 20,000 miles a second. I do not wonder that a mind filled with facts like that finds it difficult to believe in levitation. But I believe in it, especially now that we know that there is no such thing as weight; that matter is only swirls in the ether; and I can see no reason why some condition of ecstasy should not so change the polarity—whatever that means (Huxley used to say that whenever he came across that word in a book, he shut the book up, for it did not mean anything save unscientific thinking!)—that the body could float in air. Anyhow I believe it does. I believe the old monk levitated; that he had to be raked down by the gardener, and I especially believe that the gardener grumbled. That is the touch of verisimilitude which makes the entire story credible.

St. Theresa says she levitated, and I believe everything she says. She tells of some experiences of her own; how, when going to pray before the High Altar, she would make two of her nuns kneel beside her to hold her down, because, when absorbed in prayer she had a tendency to float away and she disliked the notoriety and fuss which that created. Even modern people levitate. It is a not uncommon phenomena among Buddhist monks today.

The austerities and physical tortures of the saints are not so pleasant a side of their histories. Some of these are almost incredible. I have already spoken in the QUARTERLY of dear old St. Peter of Alcantara who only slept an hour and a half every twenty-four hours, ate once in three days, and who, in his later years, "looked like the gnarled roots of old trees"! Henry Suso slept for years on a plank through which he had driven many nails. Yes, scoffer, he turned the plank over and slept on the points, for he was all bloody when he got up after his *rest!* He did many other similar things, too, until one day an inner voice told him to stop all that silliness; that it was his duty to keep his body strong and well so that it would be a fitting instrument for his soul.

Simeon Stylites, as we all know, spent forty years on the top of a column of a ruined temple, exposed to the icy blasts of winter and the no less dreadful summer sun. Once, in the middle of his self-imposed martyrdom, he was told that the Bishop wished him to come down. Instantly, he let down the cord, used to raise his food, and asked them to pass him up a ladder. But he was allowed to stay, and finally to die on his lonely perch. He had scores of imitators. Indeed, the "pillar hermit" became such a nuisance that finally this form of religious penance was forbidden.

In *The Paradise of the Fathers* by Palladius, recently translated from a very old Coptic manuscript by Prof. Budge of the British Museum, we find a series of anecdotes and histories of the early Christian cenobites in Egypt. Palladius did not actually meet St. Anthony, for the famous saint died before he arrived in Egypt, but he met several men who had known Anthony and who could give him first hand information. Dear old St. Anthony, made known to us by the countless number of pictures of him and his temptations, must have been most unattractive, for he entirely eschewed the use of water, externally, and only used a very limited quantity to drink. At the height of his fame, and when an old man, he was so bothered by disciples and those who came to seek his advice, that he had some of his friends lower him into a crevice in the rock and fill in the hole with big stones. He stayed there for seven years. Once every six months disciples would come, remove a stone and lower him a bundle of bread. Curiously enough this kind of existence seems to conduce to longevity. He lived to be a hundred or thereabouts, 104 I think it was, and one cenobite of the same period lived to be 116. As he entered the religious life when only a boy, it means that for a hundred years he practiced this kind of asceticism.

I sometimes wonder whether a little more mortification of the flesh and a little less love of comfort, would not be good for us modern saints who have such a contempt for the older forms of asceticism. I should not like to be thrown to the lions, or sawed in half lengthwise, or broken on the wheel; nor do I crave forty years on a column, three feet in diameter (poor old Simeon had not the room to lie down at full length), or sixty years, without washing, in a hole four feet square in the desert. (Anthony had not space to stand upright.) But might there not be a happy medium between these two extremes; their extreme abuse of the body and our extreme care for it?

I often wonder what they did to pass the time away. I wonder about this in the case of all religious, who live a secluded, monastic life, and the only conclusion I can come to is that after awhile, by means of meditation and prayer, their consciousness enters some state where time, as we know it, does not exist, and that they can remain in such a condition for hours or days together without fatigue either to mind or body. There must be something of the kind, otherwise insanity would be the

inevitable result. And it is on record, time out of mind, that these heroes of religious devotion not only do not become insane, but get wiser and wiser as they grow older. St. Anthony was sought by thousands of eager disciples after sixty years of ceaseless mortification.

One of the curious things about the stories of the saints—the *stories* of the saints, mind you, not the saints, which is a very different thing—is the amount of interest they take in their mortal remains after they have gone to Heaven. One would imagine, that, like Spiridion, they would be fully occupied with what they would find there. But no. There are scores of tales of how they resented indignity to and neglect of their bones. Woe betide the careless sacristan if they have a chance to get even with him. Death by slow torture is not too great a punishment for so heinous a crime.

In the year 1280 a monk named Terlac, went to see his relatives in Cologne, and obtained by his prayers the bodies of two holy Virgins from the church of St. Ursula. Laden with his great treasure, he was beset by a robber from whom he had great difficulty in escaping. That night the robber dreamed a dream. He saw two beautiful maidens standing by him. One said, speaking to the other, "Who is this?" Her companion answered, "This is the man who was not afraid to threaten the monk who was carrying our relics." Then the other replied, "What shall we do with him?" The robber saw then a great fire, into which he thought he might be thrown on account of his great iniquity, he therefore fell down at their feet and humbly beseeched their pardon, which was indulgentl y accorded him. Filled with joy at having escaped the fire, he awoke, went at once to the Bishop and confessed his sins. The story ends, "Happy are those that love Jesus and venerate His saints, for He will not let them be injured."

Now this is the type of story which I do *not* believe. The poor saints are dead and cannot deny such libels, so I do not hesitate to come forward and do it for them. I do not believe that the saints cared anything about their cast off bodies, and I am sure that these stories are pure, or impure, fabrications.

You all must have heard of Serapion and his companion monks, who ventured forth in a cockle-shell boat nearly a thousand years ago, from their abbey of the Holy Face in Ireland, and voyaged for seven years in the Western seas. They visited Greenland, Newfoundland, the coast of the United States and several of the islands in the great Atlantic, burying one of their number on what is probably one of the Bermudas. All this is written in the Golden Missal of the abbey, but the time had not come for the discovery of America so their tales received no credence. Familiar, too, is another legend, but it bears repetition.

Once upon a time in the very early days there was a huge giant of a man, so large and so strong that he vowed he would only serve the greatest king in the world. He journeyed forth to find this king, and

after many adventures came to a court of a very powerful monarch, who said that he himself was the most powerful king in the world and that every one feared him. The giant stayed and served, but one day seeing the king turn pale, he asked the reason. The king replied that he had thought of Death and that he was afraid of Death. Finding that there was one of whom his lord was afraid, named Death, the giant fared forth again to seek for this still greater monarch. He travelled far and wide until one day, in the desert, he came across a troop of horsemen, at whose head rode a wonderful being, whose face was full of majesty and power. Delighted, he asked the leader for his name, and was answered, "Death, of whom all men are afraid." Here, then, was the king he sought, so he followed and served him for many weeks.

But one day, riding along the road, they came to a crucifix, and the giant noticed that Death rode round it and seemed perturbed. Inquiring why, he was told that there was one who had conquered death. Sorrowfully the giant took his leave of Death and set forth once more upon his wanderings. He journeyed far and wide until one day he came across a hermit in the desert. He told his story to the hermit and the holy man in turn tried to explain that the only being greater than Death was Christ who had died to save us. But the giant did not understand. He had never heard of Christ. He asked the Hermit how he could find the Great King who had conquered Death, and the Hermit, finding him too simple-minded to comprehend, said that if he would go to a river near by, where there was a ford, and help wayfarers to cross the river, he might, in time, find his great King.

The giant did so. He built himself a hut upon the shore of the river and for many, many years helped travellers across the ford. One very stormy night, when the river was in flood, and he was sitting in warmth and comfort in his hut, he heard a child's voice calling him by name. He paid no attention at first, but the cries became urgent and finally he went out and found a young boy who said he must cross that night and who begged the giant to help him. At first the giant refused. He said the river was too high and the passage would be dangerous. But the child pleaded and finally the giant mounted him on his back and plunged in. The river was worse than he thought and as he moved forward the weight of the child grew unaccountably until the giant felt that he had the whole world on his shoulders. He became exhausted and almost overwhelmed. Finally, realizing his great need, he cried, "Great King, whom I have sought so long, now, if ever, is the time to help me."

Immediately the boy on his shoulder leaned forward, and in a voice of surpassing sweetness, said: "I am thy King, whom thou seekest, and the burden thou findest so heavy are the sorrows of mankind." But the weight disappeared and the giant was able to stagger to the further shore. He thrust his staff into the ground and dropped exhausted. When he

awoke, he found that his staff had taken root and blossomed: and this is the story of Offero, since then called St. Christopher, he who carries Christ, the patron saint of travellers, whose image we put on our automobiles to ward off accidents; and of all the legends of the saints, it is one of those I like best, even if I cannot believe it.

Very sweet and very human are the stories of the appearance of the Christ child to some of the saints. Here is one of the quaintest. In the monastery of Ramey there was a nun named Ida of Lewes, who had many visions and the gift of miracles. The child Jesus used often to appear to her. Once the Virgin appeared to her with her Child in her arms. She presented Him to Ida, who received Him and rejoiced sweetly in His embrace. It was during a service of Vigils and it came to Ida's turn to intone a psalm, which, according to the Cistercian Rule, may only be done with the arms hanging down at full length on either side. "She thought therefore, in herself, what she might do, for if she held the Child in her arms she would break the statutes of the Order. She therefore said to our Lord, 'Take care of yourself, now, for I must satisfy the rules of the Order.' She accordingly let down her arms, full length, standing in ceremony to intone the verse. The holy Child meantime threw His arms around her neck, and so clung to her till the verse was sung. Ida on her part sang the verse better than usual with her, and then, sitting down, took the holy Child on her lap, filled with the sweetest consolations."

Is not that dear? And there are others; but I can only give one more, or the Editor will accuse me of undue annexation of his space. Let me conclude by saying that we must not think that holiness and sweetness are products only of bygone times. There is an old Curé alive in France today, whose gentle piety and loving heart compare favorably with any of the saints of old. They tell of him that, after Mass, while his housekeeper was giving him his dinner, she asked him if he had noticed that one of the parishioners had gone to sleep. The Curé said that he had done so, and had been very much distressed, and had redoubled his prayers so that he might absorb *all* the attention of the good God, and He would not have time to notice the careless Jean. I love this story! And I only hope that my readers have had one-half the pleasure in reading my little chronicle, that I have had in writing it.

JOHN BLAKE.

THE HIDDEN LIFE OF THE SOUL*

"And he worshipped him." St. John ix, 38.

PROPER LESSONS

Proverbs i. St. John ix.

THE blind beggar of Jerusalem is a noteworthy exception to the many wretched folk who received benefits from the Master. Often His miraculous word or touch awakes no response. Those who have suffered poignantly rejoice with selfish exultation at freedom from disease or sorrow. But they are too absorbed in personal life, in the small circle of their selfish interests, to spare a thought or inquiry about the Stranger. They have gained relief from certain troubles. They resume the daily round, the common task. Content with this improvement in the condition of life here on earth, they altogether lose the great gift which He had come to give—a new life wholly independent of material conditions, eternal, in the heavens. True, His extraordinary deeds caused amazement that from time to time brought an impulsive declaration to the lips of bystanders. St. John records, however, that of the many who thus believed on His name "Jesus did not trust Himself unto them, for that He knew all men." Impulse is inconstant. The Royal Way of the Holy Cross which He should unfold to disciples requires steadfast perseverance. He would not take unto Himself as disciples those whose belief was momentary, excited by surprise. Another exception that comes to mind, along with the blind beggar, is the Samaritan leper whose gratitude is mentioned by St. Luke. His nine companions went along with no thought of anything due for the unexpected alms. They were engrossed in their own designs. The loathsome and isolating plague was at an end. They could now return to their daily life of ambition and competition. It is noteworthy that the only leper of the ten to display the finer human virtues of courtesy and gratitude and to show conciousness of the Divine Power that rules and guides the world, was an outcast—one little better than a heathen, a Samaritan, who would have no part in the clannish kingdom which priests and Pharisees awaited as reward for ceremonial punctiliousness.

A wide interval separates the Samaritan leper from the blind beggar —the interval between gratitude and worship, between what is human and divine. The Samaritan did glorify God; but it was a God far off and vaguely known. God-in-flesh stood before him—unrecognized. The leper is shaken with emotion; he bows his head to the feet of the strange Almsgiver; he has no words to express his indebtedness. He is sincerely,

* A sermon for the twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

profoundly, lastingly grateful. The beggar did more. He recognized *God with him*—Emmanuel. "And he worshipped him."

The incident is one of the rare joyful occurrences in the lonely exile of the great Prince. So many efforts of those He had helped and who desired to show appreciation of His strange loving power were like inarticulate cries of animals or young children; efforts full of tenderness and gratitude, the noblest offering of the heart, yearning. Nevertheless these efforts made Him see how very very helpless were these young babes of His; they touched again His limitless compassion. Such an offering was the vase of perfume—an act of devotion that makes the woman's memory sweet wherever the Gospel is preached. Compassion, pathos, tears (not of sorrow but of beauty)—her act of yearning affection does not lift beyond these human feelings. She anointed His body for the grave. But the blind beggar entered the shrine of the Sacred Heart. He had just spoken the great words in the temple: "My teaching is not mine but his that sent me. If any man willeth to do his will, he, shall know of the teaching whether it is of God or whether I speak from myself. I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life. If a man keep my word, he shall never taste of death. Before Abraham was born, I am." The response to His call is stones lifted against Him. Do you think He grieved over the harm and insult intended? He was in the world not to seek His own glory but His Father's. He departed from the Temple not sorrowful on His own account but over men who named His Father with their lips while in their heart they hated him—knowing only their own father, a murderer and liar. In sorrow over His Father's dishonored name, He comes upon the beggar. Do you not see why the meeting is one of exalted joy? It was Christ's love for the Father that set Him apart from men, though it was the sole purpose of His life to make all men joint heirs with Himself of the Father's peace and joy. The beggar understood. As he kneeled in silent adoration of the Son of God, Christ's sorrow and loneliness ended. His solitary, flaming love for the Father is at last shared; being shared, it is doubled, and leaps in livelier flames. His loneliness ends. He becomes one with the beggar in an ecstasy of adoration. Christ with veiled eyes and the beggar at His feet worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. The woman with the precious perfume, the sisters of Lazarus, Peter, Thomas, most of the Twelve were little infants sheltered in the Master's hands. St. John, too, felt those hands but not as a speechless babe. His Master's love for him was not compassionate love protecting inarticulate weakness; it was the manly sympathy of a friend that calls forth answering love and sympathy. The fourth Gospel is proof of St. John's understanding love. The beggar, in a measure, understood, as St. John did, the mystery of Jesus. "These are written," the beloved disciple puts in, toward the end of his Gospel, "that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God."

Now listen to the narrative of the beggar. "Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and when he had found him, he said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on Him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee. And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped him."

One must surely ask: What is it that makes the blind beggar differ from the throngs that were healed and fed? Why were the scribes and Pharisees moved to stone Jesus, versed as they were in the prophets, and punctilious for the Law; while an ignorant mendicant attained to that union in which, Christ said, all true disciples would have part? The answer is simple. The multitude, scribes, priests, and people were absorbed in the life around them; their attention and consciousness were centered upon the external world and their share in its events. The beggar's consciousness was not centered in external life but in The Hidden Life of the Soul. The harvest of one is worship—of the other, hatred that crucifies. It is worth while to consider somewhat those contrasted modes of life.

The scribes, if one may use that word to include all those opposed to Christ, saw only with their bodily eyes. The finer vision which discerns "the deep things of God" was not theirs. "The invisible things of him from the creation of the world" were not manifest to them—only the visible. Their desires and hopes were limited to things temporal. Of the eternal they had no surmise. They were wretched victims of materialism. Their ambitions and satisfactions concerned only the *soma psychikon;* they were ignorant of the being of a *soma pneumatikon* eternal in the heavens. Starting with the premise of materialism their minds worked in the mode of rationalists, and arrived at a reasoned out synthesis of things. Like all material, rationalist, logical systems, their synthesis was a piece of mechanism, devoid of life. In their system, the Deity was not a transcendent and immanent Spirit, making "of one blood all nations of men," giving "to all life, and breath, and all things," and dwelling "not far from every one" in temples not "made with hands." They "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man." Their deity was really an idol of power only in Jerusalem and its environs, undisposed to moral judgments, but cajoled with the most hollow performance of ceremonies, ablutions, and fasts. Those who presented these heartless offerings were casuistical jugglers, and their motives were mercenary. They desired a certain pay. They would render the least possible service that could win the pay. They were too ignoble to reach the level of Stoicism, the philosophy of lofty-minded rationalists. They demanded compensation for the woes occasioned them by the capricious course of a godless world. They greedily sought full satisfaction for the carnal mind. This satisfaction would be theirs under the reign of an invincible prince who should first

put to the sword threatening enemies, and then sit on the throne with endless fanfaronade. One contemplates the whole horde of scribes, ancient and modern, and then groans with Isaiah: "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear; your hands are full of blood."

The emotions and behavior of this class of men in presence of the mysterious God-Man are not strange. He has none of the accoutrements of the warrior king. Hence His royal claim is madness and blasphemy: "Thou art a Samaritan and hast a devil." Yet, let us be just to them and say they did Him involuntary homage; they quailed before Him. Their eyes saw only the Nazarene whose father and mother they knew. But even their mole-eyed vision caught a something more which they could not name. Revile or stone Him they might. They could not blot from their minds the transcendent majesty that shone from the uncrowned face. They felt His placid sovereignty as Ruler of the Universe, His high indifference to their petty scheme of things; and this feeling enraged them to fury. An ordinary blasphemer making that royal claim would have been treated as one irresponsible in frenzy. Christ's word sounded condemnation in their ears. They sought to establish their innocence by murdering their judge.

Turning from the external life of the materialists, shall we say that the beggar's blindness was the price of his salvation? A fatal answer, that to make Œdipuses of us all. For, then, we might with a bare bodkin make one moment of sharp pain end all the lifelong struggle after righteousness and peace. A rose-leaved path leading to heights celestial, not the stony mountain-side! Let us try to trace the path of the beggar's spirit. He had lived through an experience like Job's in the years before Christ spoke. The questions, doubts, and inner pain of Job were his—and in larger measure. For

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.

He had no chance to hang the gallery of his mind with pictures of fadeless color. He had never known "the sweet approach of even or morn,"

From the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works.

He passed from the sweet dependency of childhood to greater helplessness in no kindly environ. The moral atmosphere in which he lived is clearly given in the question of Christ's disciples: "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" That question reflects the ethical teaching of the scribes. This young man sat on the Temple steps as a daily lesson for their profit. His blindness and beggary were the result of sin, his own or his parents'. He suffers for some failure in ceremonial observance. He is outcast, judged of God. Instead of Job's three tormentors, this man has a cityful of self-righteousness and condescension about him. His reaction upon complacent condescension is bitterness, despair and robust protestation. A man, born with men, his right has been filched. Filched! for no act had forfeited it. In dreary monotony he murmurs against the injustice and cruelty of God, till the suggestion comes: Curse God and die. Curses rest upon his lips.

Why died I not from the womb?
Why did I not give up the ghost when my mother bore me?
Why did the knees receive me?
Or why the breasts, that I should suck?
For now should I have lain down and been quiet;
I should have slept; then had I been at rest,
With kings and counsellors of the earth,
Who built up waste places for themselves;
Or with princes that had gold,
Who filled their houses with silver:
Or as an hidden untimely birth I had not been,
As infants that never saw light.

Suicide plays its lure, but he does not grasp it. He is seeking an issue out of his troubles—suicide is evasion. Poverty twinges him with privation, and the dole comes with a commendation to thank God that his punishments are not worse. Is it wonder that sarcasm, scorn, defiance break from his lips: "It is all one; he destroyeth the perfect and the wicked."

Ah God! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire.

At this point, his physical disabilities cease to torment. For he has passed from outer to inner darkness, from bodily to spiritual beggary. In the moral and spiritual sphere, his eyes can see no light, his soul finds no water for its thirst. Bodily woe cannot symbolize his new anguish. It is not a passive suffering of pain and privation. It is a contest with fiends who mock, and gibe, and sneer, and trample. In that yelping horror of darkness he gropes with lame hands:

> Oh that I knew where I might find him
> That I might come even to his seat
> [But] he is not a man as I am
> Neither is there any daysman betwixt us
> That might lay his hand upon us both.
> My soul is weary of my life.

In agony of lamentation he falls upon the ever shifting sand.

> and far away
> The phantom circle of a moaning sea.
> A deathlike mist slept over sand and sea.
> And over him the sea wind sang
> Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam.

But his cry had "shiver'd to the tingling stars." Over the wild welter of the waves, there now broods a mysterious Spirit. Through the ghastly white darkness there glows a beam. It is not garish day, but the kindly light that leads homeward every pilgrim who follows its ray—the Light that was in the beginning with God and that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

> O isplendor di viva luce eterna.
> Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven first born!
> Or of the Eternal coëternal beam,
> Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
> Before the sun, before the heaven, THOU ART.

The daysman is there. Lamentation becomes rejoicing. His conversion has begun. He is turned to Godward, and begins to discern the deep things of the Spirit.

> I know that my Redeemer liveth,
> And at last he will stand up upon the earth:
> And after my skin, even this body, is destroyed,
> Then without my flesh shall I see God;
> Whom I, even I, shall see on my side,
> And mine eyes shall behold, and not as a stranger.

Like Job's, the beggar's whole-hearted search found God. And like Job, in dying need, his insight (not foresight) discerned the mediator between weakness and Omnipotence. In days past, the beggar had been told of some deity in the sky. Now, God is to him Reality, a fact, the beginning and end of things.

> I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear;
> But now mine eye seeth thee.

Henceforth the daily life is peace and joy. What matters the film over his eye, when living Light eternal irradiates his soul? How repine over scant possessions of earth, when lustrous treasure of rustless gold immeasurable is his? Divine Love enfolds him. His mood is blithe. He rejoices in tribulation. His sufferings were not meaningless, "but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." Through blindness and beggary he has found the Living God. Blindness is dear to him—a sweet sister; poverty, his dear lady and bride. He is mirthful. He sings with birds. He keeps festival with wind and rain. He circles in angelic dance. *Hilaritas angelica!*

His festival of joy has a startling interruption. A Stranger stops, touches with vibrant hand, and gives a command that compels obedience. What amazement for the beggar, and what perplexity! Brought suddenly to the busy life of men will his vision splendid fade away into the light of common day? Is his joy but a dream, the Living God a night shadow, and Divine Love a fever-phantom? Is the joy of this world, after all, man's highest good? But who is this constraining Stranger? Undoubtedly He has wrought a miracle; and He is teaching in the Temple, is speaking about God, and is displeasing, even angering the priests and scribes who for so many years had passed the beggar's step with hollow words of cold comfort that plunged his soul in icy waters. Never before in Jerusalem have one's eyes been thus opened. And the Stranger is telling of God's love, of righteousness, of a new life. No man can speak such words, and do unheard-of deeds of good, and be, himself, evil. He must be God's servant as the patriarchs were His servants, Moses, Abraham, Jacob. Or, is He not like the holy men of later times who rebuked kings, people and priests for flagrant evil, and taught of a God other than the idols they cherished. Those prophets were wronged, even stoned, by the priests and people whose hypocritical lip service their holy lives condemned. Without doubt, this Stranger is of their company—a new messenger sent by God to His erring people, if haply they might turn from their wickedness and live. How fearlessly the beggar pulls down the screen of false zeal behind which the Pharisees are sheltered! His own experience of God is scientific fact, "mine eye seeth thee." They have no fact—empty words, vaguely heard and thoughtlessly repeated. How His sincerity pricks their full-puffed ar-

rogance and conceit, and leaves them mere nothings. He speaks out clearly, with Apostolic boldness, and almost in the words of Peter and of Paul. "Wherefore would ye hear it again? will ye also be his disciples? Then they reviled him, and said, Thou art his disciple; but we are Moses' disciples. We know that God spake unto Moses; as for this fellow, we know not from whence he is. The man answered and said unto them, Why herein is a marvelous thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes. Now we know that God heareth not sinners; but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth His will, him he heareth. If this man were not of God, he could do nothing." A second time he is outcast from the company of the righteous. But, condemned of men, he is accepted of God. Again the compelling voice speaks. What is this Stranger? Whence that majesty which awes, though so strangely tempered with humility? Whence that austere affection, strong to upbuild? Whence that simplicity as of a friend with his brother? The mystery of Divine Love which already had shone through the night upon the beggar's spiritual vision, now stands, Incarnate, before his eyes of flesh. "MASTER!" "And he worshipped him."

We boast of a Christian civilization, of a Christian nation, and with complacent pride, hold up our virtues as exemplar to the outer society of the unredeemed. Yet, practically, actually, we repudiate the beggar as openly as did his Jewish neighbors. He travelled the Royal Way of the Holy Cross to reach his Saviour. We are content that the Saviour bore the Cross; it is much if we will go to Him in smooth complacency. We call the beggar's obscure life ignominious. His poverty is a disgrace, and his unlettered ignorance a crime. Let us for a little endeavor to attain to candor in the consideration of our motives and ambitions. With what comes from the lip there is no fault to be found. But out of the heart are the issues of life. Our hearts, it may be, are as far estranged from the Desire of all nations as were the arrogant dwellers' of Jerusalem.

We worship success—visible, tangible success, that calls forth applause or envy from our fellows. We care nothing for the judgment that takes place behind the veil of things, for the scale of values by which Eternity weighs and estimates. We know the standard of those in our line or vocation; we desire their notice, and we shape our acts to win it. If our interest, for example, chance to be intellectual, we turn from other standards than the intellectual. We condescend to pity the sordid aims of finance and the crooked way of the politician; we keep white plumes on our heads, and laboriously travel the highway toward truth. That motive is there, but also another motive; that each may be the fortunate discoverer of the coveted item of truth, that each may be acclaimed by his colleagues as the fortunate discoverer. A world of

pedants! it conceals under a white front the bickerings and jealousies of the footlights. As the wings of the years wax weaker for flight, and the scholar surveys his gain, there is the secret loathing of Faust.

> Habe nun, ach! Philosophie,
> Juristerei und Medizin
> Und leider! auch Theologie
> Durchaus studiert, mit heissem Bemühn.
> Da steh ich nun, ich armer Thor!
> Und bin so klug, als wie zuvor.

The hard-won ingots and nuggets are up-piled to feast the eye; they prove *Tiergeripp und Totenbein.* The man is successful, he has won a large share of the intellectual world; but he has forfeited his life.

So in all the businesses and vocations. Fevered toil after fortune is too commonplace to be touched upon. We know successful fortune builders. The beggar of Jerusalem would change places with none of them. "Men bow before them, stare and shout round them, crowd after them up and down the streets; build palaces for them, feast with them at their tables' heads all the night long; the soul stays long enough within to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown-edge on the skull." They are successful, they are renowned. They have gained a goodly share of the world of money, but they have forfeited their life.

The Church, too, worships success. There was a period when her teachings guided and governed life. Men found her treasure priceless, satisfying as no other possession, to be found only within her walls. In moments of passion or caprice, they sometimes violated her laws. For such trespasses they submitted to most humiliating public penances, in order, finally, to regain the treasure they had lost. They separated from the steadfast, and kneeled in precincts far from the holy altar; or remained for years, for life even, outside the porch, in harsh as well as kindly weather, that thus, by manifest contrition, they might once more, at death, receive the comfortable food of the Body and Blood. Where to-day is her fruitful discipline? Who would heed her stern correction? If she is no longer feared, it is because she has lost the treasure that made her loved. The Church has forgotten that she is in the world to guide men out of the ways of the world. To transform the world is difficult; in cowardice, she has conformed. The spiritual discipline of her children, the Hidden Life of the Soul, is not her concern. She has unlearned her Master's method to accept the world's—success, numbers, concrete material extension to conceal her inner void. For her enterprises she accumulates, and wins the world's applause. What profit if the Church gain the whole world—heathendom, Mars, all the planets—and forfeit her own life. Shall she be presented in

rich apparel to her Bridegroom, and be spurned because the life that is in her is death?

Let us all, secular and clerical, free ourselves from the glamor of success. Let us turn from the things seen of men (they have their reward) to the hidden things known of God. Let us leave success to the rulers and Pharisees while with the beggar we quietly and joyfully live the Hidden Life. Let us take up a cross and follow our Saviour's path.

In consequence of aiming at success, contemporary society, and the Church along with it, has come to look upon poverty as disgrace. The hope is cherished of removing the disgrace by reconstructing society upon the principles of socialism. The effort is un-Christian and futile. It is contrary to the law which pious investigation has disclosed as the divine law, ordained by God, governing all manifested life—the law of growth. Life, growth, evolution are synonymous. So long as one deals with mechanism, one can devise a whole that is an aggregation of equal parts—as a ten-inch cubic block is formed of one thousand equal one-inch blocks. But with life comes change, growth. An organism is not an aggregate of exactly similar and equal parts. It is a unit composed of differentiated members. The more abundant the life, the more complex is the organism and the greater is the diversity of its members and their functions. It was organic unity—the rich simplicity that arises out of complexity—that Hooker opposed to the mechanical unity of the Puritans—the simplicity of impoverishment. In maintaining organic against mechanical unity and simplicity Hooker went back to New Testament doctrine. No part of the teaching is more familiar than the figure of the body and its members. Some are for noble, others for less comely service, but all are necessary to one another and to the living whole which feels in every part the suffering of any one member. Society is a living organism like the human frame or the Church. It is "a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation and progression." Society is one of the disciplines graciously given by an all-wise and all-loving Father to His precious children. Like every noble organism, it displays extremes of divergence in its members. The splendid and the humble classes of society are necessary, each to each and to the whole. And, as the diverse gifts of the Corinthian converts had one equal source in the Spirit and as the bodily organs are unified by the blood, so, under the surface inequalities of social classes, which alone the socialist can see, Christianity discloses a fine, deep and noble equality. This equality already exists. It is not necessary to manufacture it by reconstructing society. All that is needful is to recognize and live it. It is *"the happiness that is to be found by virtue in all conditions;* in which consists the true

moral equality of mankind, and not in that monstrous fiction which, by inspiring false ideas and vain expectations into men destined to travel in the obscure walk of laborious life, serves only to aggravate and embitter that real inequality which it never can remove; and which the order of civil life establishes as much for the benefit of those whom it must leave in an humble state as those whom it is able to exalt to a condition more splendid but not more happy." Christianity, a spiritual system, will not for a moment admit the utterly material conclusions of socialism. Poverty, yea, beggary is no bar to the highest felicity—*the highest felicity,* here in this present life, and in endless life. Christianity can send back to his owner, Philemon, a runaway Christian slave. The outward relation of servitude is no bar, St. Paul feels, to real unity of spirit; the inner relation does not prescribe a change of the social and civil status. A man's salvation, his happiness, is in no degree dependent upon outer things, environment, circumstances. It is altogether inward, of the heart. Peace does not arise out of possessions, many or moderate. Peace or woe depends upon the attitude of a man's heart toward his Maker, whether it is turned to or from God. Poverty is a gracious, divine gift altogether wholesome for man. The hard pressure of material life pushes man toward the hidden portal of the soul, within which smiles the Holy Land of promise. Great wealth is a similar divine gift, and leads to the same portal. For, when an individual has made his own every delight of earth, and there is no obstacle between a whim and its accomplishment, there rises and increases in intensity a sensation more painful than gnawing hunger—palled satiety, dearth of pleasure through fullness of pleasure. In that killing languor comes the realization of the emptiness of earthly life. And the man of wealth, seeking real and permanent satisfaction, thus reaches the silent portal. The dramatic contrast of poverty and wealth, their one goal, are striking and salutary lessons for the mass of men. But there is nothing more pernicious than the comfortable mediocrity of socialism. It removes pain and pressure, and desires to give man through material means that peace which is a fruit of the Spirit. The individual cannot sink to the profitable lesson of poverty nor rise to the equally beneficial discipline of wealth. He is stationary. He stagnates, he dies.

There is no member of our society to-day who, in view of the Jewish beggar, can plead circumstances as cause of unhappiness. No outward condition can hinder us from worshipping Christ and, in that worship, finding joy. Let us bend all energy to bring men into the devotional way of life. Why delay? Raise them from beggary to comfortable homes; a rain-proof roof does not ensure salvation. Make them heads of business—counting houses do not shelter peace. Give them any amount of earth's treasures; you have not given what satisfies. Why take so long? Give them at once bread of Heaven and water of life.

What has been said of wealth holds also of learning. We are all astray in our idolatry of education. We are worshipping machinery. Probably at no time have such interest and wealth been lavished upon institutions of learning; and probably at no time were there such hordes of uneducated as just now fill society. For many years the public desire has been to put all classes alike, regardless of natural unfitness, through a much vaunted intellectual training that, for most, ends in intellectual paralysis. The red Indian in the Arizona desert must master the New England primer—"O see the trout in the brook!"—though brook-trout mean less to him than to us ethereal crustaceans that await capture in the canals of Mars. But he must learn. His salvation, somehow, depends upon it. The negro must be made an unmenacing member of society by having all arts and sciences thrust into his head. The children of peasant immigrants must learn to

> unsphere
> The spirit of Plato to unfold
> What worlds, or what vast regions hold
> The immortal mind that hath forsook
> Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

It is ludicrous fallacy. The way of salvation is not intellectual but moral. Truth is learned, not by speculating about the doctrine, but by doing the will. Catherine of Siena could neither read nor write; but through practice of His will power came to her that constrained priests and potentates. Intellectual prowess is a special gift. When guided by the Spirit, a trained intellect is a worthy servant of God. The one Spirit, however, makes diverse gifts. Intellectual poverty no more hinders the laying up of treasure in heaven than did the beggar's empty purse. Without the Spirit's guidance, the intellect makes a Pharisaic end; it is endlessly busied with mint and anise and blind to its Creator. Again the beggar stands as our teacher. Which shall we approve and follow—his ignorance or the learning of the scribes?

Let us turn from the noisy life of the world with its rewards that are seen of men, and give our thought to The Hidden Life of the Soul. Let us end our idolatries. Let us leave off the worship of success, of wealth, of learning, and let us begin to worship Him.

CLARENCE C. CLARK, Ph.D.

WHY I JOINED THE T. S.

THE reason that I asked to be permitted to join the Theosophical Society was not as a result of any solicitation whatsoever, direct or indirect, but because, after long years of groping in the dark, I suddenly found myself at home. This phrase may sound cryptic to those in my former state of mind, but even in view of such instruction as I have received and the helpful books I have read it still seems to me that this sums up everything.

My reason may be stated more fully, perhaps, in language at once literal and symbolic; because, through *Meditation* I found *Light on the Path*. These two little books were loaned me. As I had met the author I read Professor Mitchell's brochure first. It interested me. The English seemed clear—really limpid; the thought logical and the thesis worked out. But when I turned back to glance the work over, suddenly it seemed as if I had understood nothing in the book, which I had but a moment before classified as a "pretty little piece of work."

I began to read it again, or, rather, to try to read it, and found that it required the hardest kind of intellectual effort. Word by word, sentence by sentence, I struggled on. The significance and possibilities of *Meditation* as a document of authority and of Meditation as a process of development began to appeal to me. I soon saw that Professor Mitchell's method would give to me a strength I had lacked, would supplement and buttress me in every way; in social relations, in business and in my ambitions. I regretted that I had not known it earlier. Clearly could I see how it made possible much I had hoped for. It illuminated my own mind so that I could see my own errors of the past. Not the errors of morals or character, I mean; but those of policy, thought and more particularly of expression. I felt as any man might feel after listening to conclusive, logical and effective instruction in any branch of science in which the student was interested and the instructor most able.

The first spiritual result of my experience with *Meditation* was to confirm the principal effect of *Talks on Religion*—to make me say, "Religion is a good thing, I must give more time to its consideration. I need its consolation." I also began to try, almost without realizing it, Professor Mitchell's method. Cleverly, as I now perceive, but quite accidentally, I then thought, he suggests to his readers "Duty" as an illustration—naturally "Duty" is used as a test of his method. I thought of duty as he suggested and was surprised at the experience.

The novel effort wearied me, however, and I laid down *Meditation* and took up the other little book, which I now rank reverently with the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer as one of the most divinely

inspired instruments in helping man—I mean *Light on the Path.* It is hard to write down my experience. To those still groping it will be impossible to believe me—to those already on the Path there will be nothing even novel for me to say. But I am told to write and I will try:

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Having been brought up in the Protestant Episcopal Church I had received the customary religious education all my life and was supposed to have made due and orderly religious progress until after Confirmation I became a communicant. I therefore know of "Conversion" only by study and at second hand. I am tempted to liken my experience on first reading *Light on the Path,* to being "converted," yet it was different; was broader, deeper, more permanent. Receiving "illumination" more exactly describes it. By that I mean that it was something like welcoming an old, dear friend of childhood, after years of separation and entire forgetfulness. I suppose now I would call it: the sudden development of power self-consciously to recognize and accept through intuition the ancient doctrine and teachings, both from Within and Without. No—rather would I say: I heard the Voice in the Silence—I was granted a glimpse of the Gates of Gold; I was allowed to stand for an instant in the Presence.

I doubt if I remember in my lower mind the first readings of *Light on the Path,* but I do remember the sensation, the impression, the effect. It positively hurt. I was taken hold of by an outside power and buffeted and beaten. I gasped for breath as I had gasped once before when pulled out, more dead than alive, from the bottom of a lake. It hurt me as it had hurt before. Likewise, I was bewildered, troubled, lost as to everything, and at first felt adrift and then as if anchored. This sounds indistinct and unintelligible, I know, but thereby it more clearly brings out how I felt. I read again and again and each and every time I found something big that I had missed before (and this experience continues daily even now). Then through the loving patience of a friend on this mortal plane the countless questions I asked were answered, and I began to understand that I had seen almost nothing in *Light on the Path* of that which I now found.

I knew that Professor Mitchell was an active member and worker in the T. S.; I knew that my clear-headed business associate and patient teacher was an equally active member and I was informed that these helpful books were typical Theosophical teaching, so, naturally, I thought how much I would like to know more and asked if I might join. This completes the outline of the outward aspect of my joining the T. S. I would like to explain more fully, more intimately, my progress, and what it has done for me. In one way I have told all—in another way nothing.

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I was brought up religiously by a mother of whom I could write also as a teacher, because she devoted the best years of her life to the

education of her children in formal school fashion, when circumstances prevented their going to proper schools. At twelve, sorrow came, through my eldest brother's coming down with tuberculosis. For two years he was kept alive by the devotion of his mother and another saint on earth—a member of the family who came to it as a servant and who was one of its most cherished members until she died, after forty-two years of self-sacrificing, self-obscured, untiring devotion. When my brother died I was fourteen and an intellectual rebel. I thought then that I had seen prayer fail and God prove faithless to his part of the undertaking, so I discarded Him and built up my own concept of the Universe and its laws, basing everything on the Laws of Physics, more particularly those relating to the correlation and conservation of energy and matter, and, especially, Newton's second law, that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction—which I still believe but with Faith.

I found Emerson at sixteen and approved of him! At seventeen my father died and that year I went permanently to work, beginning on a newspaper, after having had two long summers' experience as a rodman in a railroad organization and one summer in construction work in a chemical mill. Then that splendid old Puritan of an Anglican Catholic, the Rev. Walker Gwynne, my Rector, asked me why I had not been confirmed. I told him because I could not accept the doctrines of the church. I said I would like to talk the matter over with him and argue out the question (as I had often enjoyed doing with several of the Protestant clergy), and I would gladly be confirmed if he could convince me. I did not note the grimness of Mr. Gwynne's manner when he made the appointment, but I was no sooner in his study than I knew! I was told I was a conceited small boy and forbidden to set my puny understanding and mind against my father (who had been an ardent churchman) and Mr. Gwynne. There was no argument that evening, only the rigorous "dressing down" of a truly conceited youngster. I was told to accept Authority and I did and was confirmed in due time. I joined the various church organizations and became an active worker and thoroughly enjoyed my religion. I explained away my own doubts by calling myself an "Emersonian Episcopalian" and did not think as hard as I had been doing, but just enjoyed. Only one great doubt persisted: I could not bring back the ideal of individual immortality, which, by the way, I did not accept again until I became a Theosophist or rather, as I would prefer to put it, a beginner in the study of Theosophy.

When I was twenty-one I lost my joy through a single remark. I was dining with a couple whom I loved and respected. The man is one of the noblest men I know; of international eminence as a student and a producer. I was speaking of the pleasure in religious belief and my host answered: "Ah! yes, if one only can forget one's Reason"—it

was not so much the words as the bitter pain, the infinite regret, in his voice. I felt as if my mooring had been cut when I was at anchor in a tidal river—one moment I had been at rest; the next I was tossing about on an angry current, being carried out to a dark and uncharted sea.

For nearly seventeen years I was adrift. I could always bring back the religious joys but I feared them as emotionalism. I found in sociological and economic work that there is a positive need of religion, especially in the present phase of our civilization. I kept up my church connection and irregular attendance; partly from habit and partly from a weak but undying, unexpressed, blind and faint Faith, which I hardly understood.

Talks on Religion helped me but the help was intellectual not spiritual. I would argue the need of religion though I felt it not. A chance passage in the school history of my childhood had come back to me and had brought comfort: I had recalled that the ancient Egyptian worship was in three degrees—an inner circle where a beautiful and pure philosophy was taught and accepted by the very few; a highly ritualistic, highly organized church for the classes; and idolatry for the great masses in which the symbol of the philosopher became the object of worship by the people.

It was the acceptance of this principle of organization that saved me from feeling a hypocrite when I kept up my church affiliations and followed its forms. Also I saw that there always had been religions and that all religions agreed absolutely in the fundamentals, but there was no note of personal appeal to me.

Through it all I even wanted to enter the ministry, though my acceptance of religion was purely intellectual and not based on faith and was not personal to myself, except the craving for service.

I cannot say when it was that I first began to feel that my life was being shaped for a purpose—either an early death, as a fulfillment, or fruition rather, of wide experience in all forms of sensation; or else for some big purpose of service or power. I believed it even when I jested about it. I believed it even when I had no real Faith in anything else save this thing I called "my Fate." I believe it still, but limited to service only, for with Theosophy has come a truer sense of proportion.

One thing did come to me in these years: A great respect for Jesus' wisdom. Each year the Sermon on the Mount grew in my estimation! I grew to appreciate and respect the sublime Common Sense I found therein, and this was years before I was to know that the Sermon on the Mount is the expression of our Lord's Doctrine for his Disciples. Like most readers of the Bible I took it for granted that it was the teaching to the multitude in spite of the clear reading of the text. I am to-day more of a Rationalist than I ever have been, yet I see as an end to Rationalism only one thing—Faith; faith in the soul within us;

faith in its power of growth; faith, absolute Faith in religion, and the Power of God through the Masters.

There was another signboard that I knew not then: I was thrown with many men of power and prominence in affairs, in business, in science. I found all of them in absolute agreement in certain conclusions. From wherever they started—history, mathematics, chemistry, astronomy, astro-physics, engineering, Army and Navy service, both in peace and in war, law, medicine, theology—each man accepted idealism as a philosophic base and each bowed to a First-Cause, an Ultimate, the Irreducible, the Over-Soul—Whatever one might call Him—and each approached Him with reverence. I found many, many spokes of thought but they all centered on the same Hub.

My Fate brought me the greatest of happinesses vouchsafed to man, but I did not subdue certain tendencies and habits I knew were wrong even as I yielded to them. I felt I was inviting disaster. In short I sinned knowingly. I had long seen, in my close observance of life, that there is no such thing as an accident. I had long seen as a rational man that every misfortune may be traced to a mistake. The inevitable happened and my happiness turned to sorrow. I was given comfort by the help of an older member of the T. S., to whom I shall ever be grateful, and by the desire to be worthy of the ideal I had lost.

But I was only brave, not at peace. When peace was given unto me it was after I had taken up Theosophical study and had believed with faith and understanding and was open to the real inspiration of the soul who had brought to me happiness and to the sweet counsel of those whom I now seek to follow.

One of my friends, a noted Episcopal clergyman, to whom I have lent Theosophical books and passed on some of the teaching given to me, said recently "but why call it Theosophy? Why isn't it Christianity?"—it is, it seems to me, for it is the Truth, and Christ's teachings are one way of expressing the Truth. I am only a Christian, only a Churchman, because I am a Theosophist. I find in Theosophy the Key to Christ's teaching which a formal church had lost. To be a true follower of Christ I now believe one must consciously be a Theosophist and that there is but one Path which many follow, speaking different tongues.

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It would have interested my old observing self to see that the remark which once cut me adrift is now my comfort. "Ah, yes, if one only can forget one's Reason" was what once unsettled me. To-day I rejoice that while I believe, yet my faith is based upon Reason. This I know, but "Before the voice can speak in the presence of the Masters it must have lost the power to wound." And in this activity, in fact perhaps for many activities, I shall be unable adequately to express that which the "I" within me knows and understands. The sweet reasonableness of Theosophy is what has most appealed to me. After I felt I wanted to

join the T. S. I asked for more books and before I had expressed my desire I was given *Fragments* by Cavé. This brought to me great consolation and proved to be a hand-book for the better understanding of *Light on the Path.*

The lesson of Death became somewhat comprehensible. With these books, oral instruction and attendance at only a few meetings of the Theosophical Society has come an understanding of, and a love for the New Testament, such as years of church membership never gave me. In this materialistic age it may be surprising to admit the guiding of what was once called a Personal Providence and the old concept still seems to me illogical. But once grasp the idea of the Lodge and all becomes simple. It seems to me that if any man will merely study his own life he will find proof of the work of the untiring Helpers. With the free-will that marks our having been part of the Divine Consciousness, the Helpers can only help and guide, not mold and make. Conscience ceases to be a symbol and becomes a fact, but we should listen for the Voice in the night. Not only symbolically, but literally, "Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness." This I venture to interpret in terms of sensation—which we must put aside.

I used to consider myself an "utilitarian idealist" and to deny the existence of abstract right and wrong, yet always I knew I lied. Study with loving criticism any life, any period of history even, and view it without envy, hatred and malice or any form thereof, and soon one will note evidences of a Divine Plan, and of Absolute Right and of Wrong; never utter wrong but ever remediable wrong.

I have become a child and, alas for my desire to help others as I have been helped, I see and speak as a child, so to those not ready I may give no proof that what I call reason is reason. I realize this as I strive to make clear that which I comprehend but cannot express.

Take the laws of physics, take the recent work in chemistry, talk with the great electricians and see the Truth that is also to be found in history, in art, in poetry, in any life. Even before I found peace I noted these things. Try to carry any theory of negation to its ultimate reasoning and you reach the same goal arrived at by any profession of faith.

The trouble is that we linger upon the non-essentials. I might have hesitated to break with the Church in which I had been reared, but when in the T. S. I found that rarest manifestation of brotherhood, a willingness to allow me to believe what I pleased and in my own way, my last doubt vanished. Just as the Funeral Service, which so recently had wrung my heart, was made something of beauty and a source of comfort, so I found in the T. S. true Christianity; such Christianity as I had doubted but longed for, in an organization I had heretofore regarded with an idle interest, a kindly and patronizing amusement. To-day I would resent this attitude in others were it not that I am learning tolerance—not the pitying tolerance that had kept Unitarianism from ever appealing to

my mind, but a tolerance that is real and absolute, and only to be found in the Theosophical Society. So far as I have noted no religious, scientific or political body in any land, that I have ever heard or read of, offers to its members such benefits, such tolerance, so little restraint, so much true freedom, so much real, personal help.

So when I came to investigate the T. S. I found first that it is rock-rested on Faith; that it is truly scientific and based upon Reason; that it is Christlike in its beautiful tolerance and that through it one gets a glimpse of that which is only worth while and of all that is worth while. I mean it literally and exactly when I venture to say with deliberation that I regard its membership as one of the major privileges of my life—and as I write this I know I write futilely for any effect on those whom I long to reach.

From my friends have come some doubts which I wish I could answer better than I do. I find conclusive answers for myself in the Society's publications, especially *Light on the Path* and *Fragments* and in the Bible and the Prayer Book. Everywhere I find them—not only in the Sacred Books of other lands but in our own great secular literature. The most recent case I have noted is in *Henry VIII.* Wolsey's philosophy in his downfall is surprisingly good occultism.

I have spoken before of my years of regretful suffering in not being able to accept the conventional doctrine of immortality. To me it was absolutely unscientific, in defiance of the Laws of Nature, the comforting solace of minds capable of being afraid of equally illogical bugaboos. I then thought that the life spirit, like the energies of the body, changed form and was dissipated but never lost. Shakespeare's immortality was in his works, my father's in his children. Yet through it all I felt that this was somehow wrong—there was an element of utter uselessness both in this doctrine and in the single life immortality plan. I did not have to be taught the doctrine of reincarnation; it unfolded itself to my understanding as soon as I turned toward Theosophy. I was prepared for it all unknowingly by the Death Watch I had passed. "It is so logical" is the comment of one clever young woman and there is its strength.

Death, if reverently watched, proves to the observer the existence of the several planes but "Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears," and the selfish sorrow that animates those who watch where they love is blinding. Yet grief is for oneself, and not for the other, when analyzed. If we accepted Christ's teachings we could rejoice that our dear ones had found peace before taking up work again—just as we rejoice when one awearied sleeps. But, if we fear Death, study Life for signs of reincarnation and for the several planes. But before studying seek out and question one who knows, or else read wisely. Otherwise one may reject Theosophy as I rejected it in 1898, because it was incorrectly expressed and because I was not ready for it.

One of the greatest comforts I have found in Theosophy is the ability to recognize the delusions of Time and Space, taught in every university but ignored by most of us. Why grieve when it is but as if for the night your beloved sleeps? There are probably more bacteria, germs, phagocytes, and other microscopic creatures within me than there are people on this earth. If any one has consciousness I am as the Universe. On the other hand, the count of the stars shows that to that which I call the Universe I am less than the phagocyte is to the great earth of ours—what counts therefore save God and Love. There is no beginning and there is no end either in space or in time that I or any other mortal may comprehend. Why then not accept that there can only be God and Love?

I used to think that my doctrine of a physical basis for life and living was the same as the doctrine of Nirvana, miscalled annihilation. I can see dimly now how wrong this is. The T. S. teaches me that there is no limit to my possible growth and that in time I may become one with the One; but this does not mean that I shall lose consciousness and individuality, but rather that I shall have attained True Consciousness and Perfect Individuality. It is true that this implies that I must put aside something I now may think I value, but I used to like to suck my rattle—have I lost anything in outgrowing that liking?

Ask and ye shall receive, knock and ye may enter, is true throughout the universe; in big things and in little. I found in the T. S. a microcosm of the Universe and I knocked and it was opened unto me. I am a very new member; an humble member in my ignorance, but yet I have been enlightened and given peace, the peace that passeth all understanding. I see that it is not membership in the Society itself that counts, but the recognition of what the Society represents. It is the Egyptian cult over again. To the blind masses idolatry is necessary and he who offends the Sacred Cat must die, though the cat to-day be convention and not of stone, just as in the yesterday of Egypt; but to those able to see, the form is not vital. Nevertheless I would that, for the sake of my fellow men and women, the membership in the Society were at least equal to that in the churches, for great would be the peace and comfort therefrom. But the desire must come from within, just as it was given to me, and I am not fit to lead, only to serve, so I cannot ask or urge my brother to join.

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To sum up my explanation of why I joined the Society:—Because after long years of groping I found in it not a home, as might be thought from what I first said, but a gateway through which I found myself at home. And the Path, though it be narrow, has no limit, and all who wish may travel thereon. M.

FAITH AND WORKS

IN THE UPANISHADS AND THE NEW TESTAMENT

THERE is a passage of singular charm and vivacity, which one may call, I think, the keystone of the Upanishads; the passage containing what is traditionally known as the Lore of the Five Fires. It is found with almost verbal identity in the two longest Upanishads, the Brihad Aranyaka and the Chhandogya, from the former of which I shall try to translate it. The not very heroic hero of the story is a young Brahman, Shvetaketu by name, whose good father elsewhere in the Upanishads describes him as "conceited, vain and proud of his learning," and we are further told that he was familiar with the hymns of the three great Vedas, the Rig, the Yajur and the Sama Vedas. Of this vain young sprig of Brahmanism, we are told that

Shvetaketu, Aruna's grandson, came to the assembly of the Panchalas. He came to Pravahana, son of Jivala, who was surrounded by his followers. Looking at him, the king addressed him:

"Youth!" said he.

"Sir!" he replied.

"Hast thou received the teaching from thy father?"

"Yes!" said he.

"Knowest thou how these beings going forth from this world proceed on different paths?"

"No!" said he.

"Knowest thou how they come to this world again?"

"No!" said he.

"Knowest thou how that world is not filled up by the many going thither again and again?"

"No!" said he.

"Knowest thou at which sacrifice being sacrificed, the waters, rising up speak with human voice?"

"No!" said he.

"Knowest thou the approach of the path of the gods, or of the path of the fathers, or by doing what they approach the path of the gods, or the path of the fathers: as the word of the Seer has been heard by us:

" 'Two ways I have heard of, for mortals, the way of the fathers and the way of the gods.

By them goes all that moves 'twixt father heaven and mother earth.' "

"No!" said he; "I do not know even one of them."

The king invited him to remain as his pupil. But unwilling to remain, he ran away to his father. He said to him:

"Forsooth, Sir, thou didst say that we had received the teaching?"

"How now, wise one?" said his father.

"This Rajanya fellow has asked me five questions, and I do not know one of them?"

"What are they?" said he.

"These!" said he, and he enumerated them.

His father said:

"Thou knowest us thus, dear, that whatever I know, I told it all to thee! But come, let us twain set forth thither, and dwell as pupils with the king!"

"Go yourself, Sir!" said he.

That descendant of the Gotamas went to where Pravahana, son of Jivala, was. To him offering a seat, the king caused water to be brought. He made the offering. To him the king said:

"We give a wish to the worshipful descendant of the Gotamas."

He said:

"This wish is promised to me: the saying that thou didst speak in the presence of my boy, tell me that!"

The king said:

"That, O descendant of the Gotamas, is among the wishes of the gods. Say a wish of men!"

He said:

"It is well known! There is store of gold, of cattle and horses, of slave-girls and tapestries and robes! May the Master not be niggardly toward us in that which is great, infinite, illimitable!"

The king said:

"This wish, descendant of the Gotamas, must be sought according to rule."

"I offer myself as thy pupil!" said he. For with this word the men of old betook them to a master. He therefore dwelt there, becoming his disciple.

The king said to him:

"Therefore, O descendant of the Gotamas, be thou without reproach toward us, thou and thy forbears; since this teaching never before dwelt in any Brahman, but to thee I shall declare it, for who has the right to refuse thee, speaking thus?"

The last sentence is even more explicit in the Chhandogya version of the story:

"As this teaching, O descendant of the Gotamas, goes not to any Brahman before thee, but among all peoples leadership was of the Kshatra," (that is, of the Kshatriyas or Rajanyas, the men of royal or princely race).

We are concerned, therefore, with a teaching regarding the destiny of the soul, and this teaching had hitherto never been imparted to the priestly caste of Brahmans, but had been kept as a secret esoteric doctrine

among the Kshatriyas or Rajanyas. If, as seems probable, the Rajanyas and Brahmans represent two different races, then we may call this the secret doctrine of the Rajanya race, the ancestors of the Rajput tribes.

But let us consider the teaching itself. Before descending into birth, the Rajanya teaches, the soul dwells in the heavenly world. In it adhere certain streams of tendency, which he calls "the waters," the currents of moral and mental life. From the spiritual world the soul descends to the mid-world, and in the mid-world takes on a "lunar" form; for the things of the mid-world are symbolized by the moon, which shines by reflected light; the spiritual world, self-shining, being symbolized by the sun.

From the mid-world, the soul enters this world, and this descent from the higher to the lower world is in each case called a sacrifice. The soul now comes into relation with the father and mother of the child that is to be born, and these relations are also called sacrifices. The fifth sacrifice is birth, and at this sacrifice the "waters," that is, the mental and moral currents which make up the character, "arise, and speak with human voice." This is the answer to the last of the questions which the Rajanya sage asked the vain Brahman boy. We may now return to the text of the Upanishad.

"Through this sacrifice, the man comes to birth. He lives his life-span, and then dies, and they take him to the funeral pyre. . . . In this fire the bright powers offer the man, and from that sacrifice he is born, of the colour of the sun.

"They who know this thus, and they who, in the forest, follow faith and truth, are born into the flame, from the flame they go to the day, from the day to the waxing moon, from the waxing moon to the six summer months, from these months to the Deva-world, from the Deva-world to the sun, from the sun to the lightning; them, reaching the lightning, a Person, mind-born, coming, leads to the worlds of the Eternal. They dwell in those worlds of the Eternal, in the highest realms. For them, there is no return.

"But they who win worlds by sacrifice, gifts, penance, they are born into the smoke of the pyre, from the smoke they go to the night, from the night to the waning moon, from the waning moon to the six winter months, from these months to the world of the Fathers, from the world of the Fathers to the moon. Reaching the moon, they become food. The gods feast on them as they wax and wane like the lunar lord. Then going full circle, they descend to the ether, from the ether to the air, from the air to rain, from rain to the earth; reaching the earth, they become food. Again they are sacrificed in the fire of man and the fire of woman, and are reborn, coming forth again to the world of men."

The Rajanya teacher speaks, of course, in symbols, describing a series of worlds, or planes of consciousness, from the higher of which the soul descends into incarnation, entering this world by the gate of

birth. The teacher further suggests that each world or plane has two poles, a positive pole of spirituality, and a negative pole of materiality; and these poles of the ascending planes he describes by a series of natural pairs, the one bright and the other dark; namely, the fire and smoke of the pyre, day and night, the moonlit and moonless fortnights, the summer and winter months, the sun and moon, the world of the gods and the world of the fathers.

According to the spiritual quality of the soul, when it goes forth at death, it follows one or the other of these two paths; or gravitates, if we may use such an expression, to the positive or negative poles of each plane in the ascending series. If the soul has followed Faith and Truth, then it ascends by the path of the sun, the path of the Gods, to the world of the Eternal, and for it there is no return. But if the soul has followed after sacrifices and penance, then it takes the path of the moon, the path of the Fathers, and enters the lunar world. There it waxes and wanes, and, waning, returns again to the earth, and passes once more through the gate of birth. In the first case, the soul reaches liberation. In the second, it falls into the cycle of repeated births and deaths.

This is, I believe, the first passage in the Upanishads which draws a fundamental distinction between the way of Faith and the way of Works, and it has the added suggestion that the way of Faith is that taught in the secret wisdom of the Rajanyas, while the way of Works is that taught by the Brahmans, as a part of the sacrificial system which grew up with the Vedic hymns. In this first and oldest passage, therefore, it is asserted that only the way of Faith leads to liberation, or true salvation; while the way of Works leads to a period of paradise, followed by rebirth into this world: therefore no true salvation at all.

The antithesis is brought out even more sharply in a passage near the beginning of the Mundaka Upanishad, which runs somewhat as follows:

"The powers that the Seers perceived in the hymns were divided manifold for the triple fire. 'Practice these constantly,' they said, 'ye who desire the truth; this is your path of good work in the world. For when the flame curls in the fuel that bears what is to be offered, then let him guide the offerings in the space between the two paths of the sacrificial fluid. With faith it is offered. He whose fire-invocation fits not with the new moon, the full moon, the fourth month, and the autumn, where there are no guests, where the offerings to the host of Devas are absent, where the ritual is unfulfilled, he loses his seven worlds. . . .'

"Infirm rafts verily are these rites of the eighteen sharers in the sacrifice, on which the lower worship depends. They who exult in this as the better way, fools, go again to sickness and death. Turning round in unwisdom, sages, thinking themselves wise, fools, they go about, staggering in the way, like the blind led by the blind.

"Turning about manifold in unwisdom, they exult, childish, thinking that thus the work is accomplished. Because these performers

of rites are not wise in their longing desire, in their folly they fall, losing their worlds.

"Thinking that oblations and offerings are best, they know not the better way, deluded fools. After enjoying this good work of theirs at the back of the heavens, they return again to this, or even to a baser world.

"But they who dwell in Faith and fervor in the forest, full of peace, wise, free from the lust of possession; by the sun-door they go forth, freed from desire, where is the immortal Spirit, the everlasting Atma."

This is a sufficiently drastic condemnation of the Brahmanical "way of Works," with its sacraments, its lunar festivals, its sacrificial fires. These rites lead, at best, teaches the Upanishad, to a brief sojourn in paradise, followed by a return to this, or perchance, to some baser world. But the "way of Faith" leads by the door of the sun to the world of the Eternal. We have, therefore, exactly the antithesis already made in the Lore of the Five Fires.

The "way of Works" is the whole sacrificial system, as practiced by the Brahmanical priesthood, the system which grew up round the Rig Veda hymns to Agni, the Fire-god; Indra, the Sky-god; Vayu, the Wind-god, and the rest. To these rites, only the Twice-born Aryas were admitted, the second birth being the initiation of the *upanayana,* the girding on of the sacred thread, which one may, perhaps, describe as an equivalent of baptism, the sign of spiritual birth, of entry into a community with spiritual privileges. Many rites and sacrifices entered into this Brahmanical system, and scrupulous compliance with these was the condition of good standing and salvation. The system was a costly one, and profitable to the Brahmans.

Contrasted with this was the "way of Faith," or the "way of Illumination," which is the main theme of the Upanishads. From the marvelous riches of that teaching, I quote only one text, from a famous passage in the Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad:

"Now as to him who is free from desire, who is beyond desire, who has gained his desire, for whom Atma is his desire. From him the life-powers depart not. Growing one with the Eternal, he enters the Eternal. When all desires that were hid in the heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal, and enters the Eternal. And like as the slough of a snake lies lifeless, cast upon an ant-hill, so lies his body, when the Spirit of man rises up bodiless and immortal, as the Life, as the Eternal, as the Radiance. The small old path that stretches far away has been found and followed by me. By it go the Seers who know the Eternal, rising up from this world to the heavenly world."

The essence of this path of the sun, this path of the gods, which leads to perfect liberation, is spiritual consciousness; beginning with the personal consciousness of the ordinary man, there is a gradual widening, and, even more, a deepening of the consciousness, until a deep illumina-

tion is reached beyond the realm of dreams, an illumination wherein the man enters at once into the spiritual consciousness of others, and into the consciousness of the Eternal. Thus the consciousness of man is raised, step by step, through Faith, fervor and service of the Eternal, until it becomes one with the consciousness of the Eternal, the consciousness of God. This is the true salvation, the perfect liberation, from which there is no return. The Spirit of man becomes immortal, he enters the Eternal.

We find exactly the same contest between the two ways in the Bhagavad Gita, which denounces the Brahmanical system of Vedic sacrifices in phrases very like those of the Mundaka Upanishad. Thus in the second book of the Gita, it is said:

"This is a flowery word which the unwise declare, who delight in the letter of the Vedas, Son of Pritha, and say there is nothing else;

"They who are full of desire and eager for heaven; this word offering rebirth and the reward of works, abounding in special rites making for feasts and lordship;

"The thought of those who are set on feasts and lordship, whose minds are carried away thereby, has not single-mindedness as its essence, nor is it set in soul-vision;

"The Vedas have the Three Potencies as their subject; be thou above the Three Potencies, Arjuna. Be free from duality, ever standing in the real, without desire of possessions, full of the Self, full of Atma;

"As much use as there is for a well, when the whole land is under water, so much use is there for all the Vedas, for a knower of the Eternal who possesses wisdom."

The Bhagavad Gita sets forth the rival path, the "way of Wisdom," in the very sentences of the Upanishads. Thus at the end of the fifth chapter it is said:

"Nirvana, union with the Eternal, comes nigh to those who are rid of lust and wrath, who have gained control, who rule their thoughts, who have beheld Atma, the supreme Self."

There are also, in the Gita, many passages of a warmer and more personal colour, passages full of the power of devotion to the Supreme, manifested in a personal Saviour. For example, these verses, toward the beginning of the sixth chapter:

"With soul at peace, with fear gone, standing firm in the vow of service of the Eternal, controlling the mind, with heart set on Me, let him dwell in union, intent on Me.

"The seeker of union ever holding his soul thus in union, with emotions well controlled, enters into the supreme peace of Nirvana, dwelling in Me."

Salvation, perfect liberation, is, therefore, a growth in spiritual consciousness, whereby the soul of man, expanding and deepening, his

consciousness growing more divine, becomes at last one with the consciousness of the Eternal, the consciousness of God. As this is an eternal consciousness, he thereby gains immortal and infinite life. He has entered into Nirvana, the supreme peace.

That the teaching of the Buddha was a protest against the ritual religion of the Brahmans, is so well known that it hardly needs further illustration. I am tempted to quote one passage, however, to show how completely it coincides in this with the passages of the Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gita already cited. This passage is found in the Tevijja Sutta, a sermon held by tradition to have been delivered by the Buddha in the mango grove, on the bank of the river Achiravati, to the south of the Brahman village of Manasakata, in Kosala. The sermon is delivered to two young Brahmans, who come to the Buddha, very much as young Shvetaketu came to the Rajanya sage. And here we may note that both Krishna, the teacher of the Bhagavad Gita, and the Buddha himself were of Rajanya race. The Buddha speaks thus:

"Again, Vasishtha, if this river Achiravati were full of water even to the brim, and overflowing; and a man with business on the other side, bound for the other side, should come up, and want to cross over, and he, standing on this bank, should invoke the further bank, and say, 'come hither, O further bank! come over to this side!' Now what think you, Vasishtha? Would the further bank of the river Achiravati, by reason of that man's invoking and praying and hoping and praising, come over to this side?

"Certainly not, Gotama!

"In just the same way, Vasishtha, do the Brahmans versed in the three Vedas—omitting the practice of those qualities which really make a man a Brahman (a knower of Brahma), and adopting the practice of those qualities which really make men not Brahmans—say thus: 'Indra we call upon, Soma we call upon, Varuna we call upon, Ishana we call upon, Prajapati we call upon, Brahma we call upon!' Verily, Vasishtha, that those Brahmans versed in the Three Vedas, but omitting the practice of those qualities which really make a man a Brahman, and adopting the practice of those qualities which really make men not Brahmans—that they, by reason of their invoking and praying and hoping and praising, should, after death and when the body is dissolved, become united with Brahma,—verily such a condition of things has no existence."

With this "way of Works," the Buddha contrasted his own teaching, the way of "liberation":

"To the Buddha, when asked touching the path which leads to the world of Brahma, there can be neither doubt nor difficulty. For Brahma, I know, Vasishtha, and the world of Brahma, and the path which leadeth unto it. Yea, I know it even as one who has entered the Brahma world, and has been born within it!"

It is well worth noting that the Buddha here describes Nirvana in

the old traditional terms, as an entering into the world of Brahma, a becoming one with Brahma. The continuity of his teaching with that of the Upanishads, which ever speak of entering into the world of Brahma, and with the Bhagavad Gita, which uses the twofold form, Brahma-Nirvana, to express perfect liberation, is complete. Here, as always in the ancient Indian wisdom, salvation is a broadening and deepening of the consciousness, until at last it becomes one with the Divine Consciousness, the consciousness of the Eternal, the conciousness of God.

II.

Let us turn now from India to Palestine, from the Upanishads to the New Testament. Here again, we find the contest between Faith and Works, two rival paths of salvation; and the conflict between the adherents of the two paths of salvation echoes through the greater number of the Epistles, just as we found it in the Upanishads, the Bhagavad Gita and the Tevijja Sutta.

The traditional sacrificial system of Palestine was very like the Brahmanical system which grew up about the Vedic hymns. Like the Indian system, it had its sacred books, held to be verbally inspired, and scrupulously preserved word by word. Like the Indian system, it had grown up in a sacred land, hallowed by tradition. Like the Indian system, it had its sacrifices and burnt offerings, its festivals of the new moon and the full moon, its celebrations of holy months. Like the Indian system, it was the prized possession of a limited group of tribes, a close religious corporation. As in the Indian system, admission to this religious corporation was marked by a sacramental rite, in the one case circumcision, commemorating the promise of Jahveh to Abraham, and in the other, the upanayana, or girding on of the sacred thread.

Born of Jewish parents, growing up among Jews, Jesus in all things fulfilled the Jewish law, from the circumcision to the last Passover. His disciples, with the exception, perhaps, of Simon the Canaanite, were also Jews, who fulfilled the law of the Jews in all particulars, except in certain minor matters which were made a subject of attack against them. But they held themselves to be pious Jews nevertheless. Further, Jesus expressly gave his support to the Jewish law, as when he said: "I came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill the law," or when, being asked the way of salvation, he answered: "Keep the commandments!" that is, the precepts of the Jewish law.

Up to, and after, the Crucifixion, therefore, the disciples held themselves to be, and in fact were, law-abiding Jews, who fulfilled all the precepts of the Jewish system without question, while at the same time they sought to carry out the precepts and teaching of their Master. So far as any of the disciples understood the matter, the teaching which they held would have continued to be the teaching of a small Jewish sect,

"the Nazarene heresy," as it was called; and admission into their communion would of necessity have been preceded by admission into the religious community of the Jews, through the rite of circumcision, and would have involved the obligation to fulfill all the rites, and to keep all the festivals of the Jewish religion.

What, then, bridged the chasm, and turned the teaching of a small Jewish sect into a world-religion? What transformed the "heresy of the Nazarenes" into Christianity? It is, perhaps, a commonplace to say that the chasm was bridged by Paul; that the greatness of his heart, and his deeper culture compelled him to break down the barriers and open the Church, so that salvation should be "to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile."

I think that this view is open to grave question; and that, simply stated as I have stated it, it is untrue. To make this intelligible, I may, perhaps, be allowed a brief digression.

The "way of Faith," or the "way of Wisdom," as understood and set forth in the Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gita, and also as expounded by the Buddha, held, as we saw, that salvation meant spiritual growth, a broadening and deepening of the consciousness, until at last it became one with the Divine consciousness, with the consciousness of the Eternal. But this expansion was never held to be a sudden flashing out of infinity, a spiritual cataclysm, but rather an evolution, a gradual growth, slowly attained, and consummated after many steps. And certain great stages of the way were marked and described, whether in the Upanishads or in the teaching of the Buddha; certain grand degrees, so to speak, in the splendid flowering of the Divine consciousness. And in the Upanishads, and in the later teaching of India, it was held that these grand degrees of consciousness had each its fitting vesture, beginning with that "vesture the colour of the sun," worn by the purified soul immediately after death, and developing through purer and finer vestures, psychical and spiritual bodies This, indeed, is an integral and necessary part of the teaching of the "way of Faith," the "way of Illumination," and is everywhere found as a part of it. Further, it is implied in the Upanishads, and explicitly taught in the later systems, that these psychical and spiritual bodies had their proper perceptions, their proper organs, their proper powers, in ascending degrees of majesty and spirituality. It would, therefore, be entirely intelligible to any follower of the Indian wisdom, that one who had mastered that wisdom should possess a full-grown spiritual body, with marvelous yet entirely natural powers, such as are enumerated, for example, in the Yoga Sutras, or in the Akankheya Sutta of Buddhism. To such a student of the Indian wisdom, believing in the path of the sun, the path of liberation, it would be axiomatic that, at a certain stage of spiritual development, such a spiritual body, with its high powers, should be evolved; and that the liberated Master, laying

aside the earthly body, like the slough of a snake cast on an ant-hill, should arise immortal, sharing the powers of the Divine.

In the light of this teaching, the Resurrection is a natural and wholly scientific fact, whose laws are clearly indicated, and which follows as the inevitable result of the deepening of consciousness, and the development of the finer vesture for that deeper consciousness; and that it would be wholly natural and logical to believe that Jesus, thus clothed in the spiritual body of the Resurrection, the "vesture of the colour of the sun," could and would carry forward the work which had been interrupted by the Crucifixion.

This, or something very like it, was the belief of Paul; and he explicitly says that the opening of the Church to the Gentiles was the work, not of Paul, but of Jesus; and one may add that it was carried out in the teeth of Paul's deepest prejudices and convictions, for was he not a Hebrew of the Hebrews, a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee?

The examination of Paul before Agrippa was, no doubt, carefully recorded at the time by Luke, who was with Paul. Paul tells Agrippa that Jesus, appearing to him on the road to Damascus, spoke as follows:

"I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith in me."

This vision and commission, which opened the way for the greatest fact in history, the transformation of the "heresy of the Nazarenes" into the world religion, Christianity, is attributed by Paul to the direct and personal interposition of the Master himself; and, if we accept the idea of the "way of Wisdom," as to the growth of consciousness, and its development in ever finer vestures, we can see that Paul may be describing a wholly natural and scientific fact; the manifestation of the Master in the spiritual body, and his continuation of his life-work in that body.

To return to the main theme of this essay: Paul's vision, and his conviction that the teaching of Jesus should be opened to the Gentiles date, if we accept the general chronology of the New Testament as based on Luke's synchronisms, from about the year 35; some six years before the apparition of the sheet let down from heaven, which conveyed the same idea to Peter. But while Paul immediately began to preach and teach in obedience to his heavenly vision, as he tells us, Peter does not seem to have undertaken any very active work as a result of the apparition at Joppa, six years later. He remained, for the most part, at Jerusalem, and there he continued to live in the Jewish atmosphere which threatened to make of the teaching of Jesus nothing more than a "Naz-

arene heresy." It would not be true to say that the body of the disciples at Jerusalem believed that salvation, as they understood it, could be gained by following out the precepts of the Jewish law and by this alone; but it is true that they hardly thought of salvation as being gained without the fulfillment of that law.

The chief upholder of this view was not Peter, but James, the brother of Jesus; and here we come to one of the buried histories of the New Testament. Gathering our details here and there, from the gospels, the Acts, the epistles of Paul, we can recognize the marked figure of James, and the less marked figure of Jude, the younger brother of Jesus and James. The brothers of Jesus, up to the very hour of his crucifixion, were, if not hostile to him, at least in no sense disciples of his teaching. But there must have been, in the case of James, an event as remarkable and as revolutionary as the vision of Paul on the road to Damascus. The Master, says Paul, appeared to James; and, as a result, we find James an ardent member of the group of the disciples at Jerusalem. Within four or five years after the Crucifixion, we find James ranking with Peter, as one whom Paul deemed it essential to meet at Jerusalem; and a little later Paul ranks James with Peter and John as pillars of the Jerusalem church. James was more than this; he was the strongest upholder of the idea that, to become a Christian, one must first become a Jew; or, to put the matter more fairly, perhaps, he held that the Jewish system so completely represented the way of righteousness that without following it, one could not be truly righteous.

In the meantime, Paul was working among the Greek-speaking peoples of the north, in the neighborhood of his own town of Tarsus, and also in Cyprus. He seems always to have begun his teaching by describing the appearance of Jesus on the Damascus road, with the resultant certainty of the soul's immortality; salvation, as he conceived and taught it, consisted, first, in accepting the truth of the Master's risen life, and, secondly, in a certain spiritual state, which followed the acceptance of this truth. This spiritual state was, in essence, a development of consciousness, which, when it reached its fullness, meant a blending of the consciousness with the consciousness of the Master, an entering into the Master's consciousness; and, thirdly, Paul, by a bold and beautiful figure of speech, depicted the transformation of consciousness from the earthly to the spiritual as a kind of dying, a crucifixion and resurrection, whereby the disciple became a sharer in the crucifixion of the Master, and also in his resurrection. It is evident that we are concerned here with a growth of consciousness, a deepening of spiritual life and being, and not with the fulfillment of a ritual system of ceremonial observances. We are dealing with the "way of Faith," to use the Eastern phrase, and not with the "way of Works."

But the "way of Works" had its ardent adherents at Jerusalem with James at their head, and a conflict, for some time inevitable, broke out

between the adherents of the two "ways." The matter was fully debated at the Council of Jerusalem, about the year 52, and certain aspects of that Council are of high importance, in view of later events. It appears that Peter was the first speaker, and that he defended the extension of the Church to the Gentiles, on the ground of his vision at Joppa, some six years after Paul's vision near Damascus. Then, after the question had been fully discussed, the decision of the Council was declared by James the brother of Jesus, who seems to have spoken for the church at Jerusalem, and to have been, in some sense, its most forcible member, whose influence over Peter and the other disciples was strong and dominant. At any rate, we find James saying: "my judgment is . . . " and so forth, declaring the sense of the Council; showing, by the way that the disciples by no means recognized in Peter any such dominant and infallible authority as the theories of the Vatican would demand

Further, the decision of the Council was reached by a general consensus of opinion, and thus represented the collective consciousness of the Church; and, if we may use a phrase of later times, the Church voted in three orders, "the apostles and the elders, with the whole church." It was decided to open the Church to the Gentiles, without requiring them to fulfill the rites of the Jews.

At this point, Paul takes up the story:

"When James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hands of fellowship; that we should go unto the heathen and they unto the circumcision. Only that we should remember the poor; the same which I also was forward to do. But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed. For before that certain came from James, he did eat with the Gentiles; but when they were come, he withdrew and separated himself, fearing them which were of the circumcision. And the other Jews dissembled likewise with him; insomuch that Barnabas also was carried away with their dissimulation. But when I saw that they walked not uprightly according to the truth of the gospel, I said unto Peter before them all, If thou, being a Jew, livest after the manner of Gentiles, and not as do the Jews, why compellest thou the Gentiles to live as do the Jews? We who are Jews by nature, and not sinners of the Gentiles, knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified."

A little further on in the same letter, Paul writes: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me:" declaring that salvation comes through a deepening of consciousness, through a blending of the consciousness of the disciple with the con-

sciousness of the Master, so that he could say: "Christ liveth in me;" just as he says to his pupils in Galatia, that he is "in travail, until Christ is formed" in them.

For this spiritual consciousness, Paul uses the word Faith, just as we found it used, many centuries earlier, in the great Upanishads. Then taking faith to mean, among other ideas, a belief in spiritual things, he develops an argument against the adherents of the law, which he uses again and again in later years. This argument is the singular and remarkable one that Abraham himself, the father of the chosen people, and the recipient of the covenant and the promise, walked the way of Faith, not the way of Works:

"Even as Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness. Know ye therefore that they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham. And the Scripture forseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed. So then they which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham."

This was very decidedly turning the tables against James and the adherents of the law. Of Peter's journey to Antioch, and his later movements, we know little. One may, perhaps, conjecture that he spent some time in Asia Minor; that this is why Paul, writing from Ephesus to Corinth, speaks of Apollos and Cephas together, since Apollos was some time at Ephesus. Perhaps it was because of such a journey through Asia Minor that we find the first epistle of Peter addressed to the disciples in that region. It would seem likely that Peter did not return to Jerusalem, for he was evidently not there at the time of Paul's arrest probably in the year 59, if we can judge from the fact that Luke records that Paul visited James just before his arrest, while no mention is made of Peter. Finally, we may surmise that Peter went from Asia Minor to Rome; for, while neither Luke nor Paul mentions his presence there, Peter himself, in his second epistle, speaks of Paul and his epistles; so that we have this evidence that he was close to Paul in Rome.

It seems likely, therefore, that Peter may have gone from Asia Minor to Rome, and was one of those who built up the church there from its inception. Perhaps Peter's presence at Rome gave Paul cause to apprehend that the "way of Works" would be taught to the new disciples at Rome, with dangerous consequences; and perhaps this was why he again set himself to make the whole question clear, when writing to Rome from Ephesus, about the year 59:

"For he is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter."

Here again he outflanks the party of James and the law, and seeks to prove the daring paradox that the "way of Works" is really the "way

of Faith;" that salvation is a matter of inward spiritual life, and not of outward ritual. And again he uses his bold argument about Abraham:

"For if Abraham were justified by works, he hath whereof to glory; but not before God . . . for we say that Faith was reckoned to Abraham for righteousness . . . and he received the sign of circumcision, a seal of the righteousness of the faith which he had yet being uncircumcised . . . and being not weak in faith, he considered not his own body now dead, when he was about a hundred years old, neither yet the deadness of Sarah's womb; he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; . . . and therefore it was imputed to him for righteousness."

And Paul then makes the deduction to which he has been leading up:

"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Master Jesus Christ;" as always, the teaching that salvation is through spiritual consciousness, growing gradually to a oneness with the consciousness of the Master, of the Divine.

The controversy between the two ways, the way of Faith and the way of Works, reverberates through the letters which Paul wrote from Rome. It finds its chief expression, however, in another document, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and especially in the famous chapter which begins:

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. . . ."

The writer undertakes to show that Faith has been the essential element of spiritual life from the beginning; that Abel and Enoch and Noah were saved by faith. Then he develops the argument concerning Abraham, which we have seen Paul twice use:

"Through faith also Sarah herself received strength to conceive seed, and was delivered of a child when she was past age, because she judged him faithful who had promised. Therefore sprang there of one, and him as good as dead, so many as the stars of the sky in multitude. . . ."

It is difficult to believe that this extraordinary image, of Abraham becoming a father when he was as good as dead, should have occurred to two different writers, as an argument in defense of Faith against the Works of the law. However this may be, we found Paul using it, in writing to the Romans, and it is now repeated by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. He further seeks to show that Isaac, Jacob, Joseph and Moses were saved by faith; even Moses, the giver of the Law. And, most remarkable of all, he cites Rahab of Jericho as one of those saved by faith.

It is difficult not to regard the Epistle of James as an answer to this last argument; and, by the way, it is interesting to find the remaining epistles arranged in this order: James, Peter, John; the same order in

which we found Paul enumerating the "pillars" of the church at Jerusalem, as though, in the view of those who arranged the documents, James outweighed Peter. But to return. It is difficult not to believe that James is replying to the author of the Epistles to the Hebrews, and striking a last blow for the "way of Works," when we find him writing:

"But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead? Was not Abraham our father justified by works, when he had offered Isaac his son upon the altar? . . . Likewise also was not Rahab the harlot justified by works, when she had received the messengers, and had sent them out another way? For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."

The passages which I have quoted are, it seems to me, evidently the records of a long and heated contest between the adherents of Faith and the adherents of the Law; or, more precisely, a controversy between Paul and James, which raged from the days before the Council of Jerusalem until the last word, so far as our documents go, was spoken by James, in the sentences just quoted. This seems to me to add a new connecting thread to the relations between these New Testament documents, and, in particular, to have an important bearing on the position and purpose of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the reply of James to its argument.

Many other questions arise, of the deepest import and interest. For example, Why was it that the Master himself so carefully followed the way of the Law? Is there a parallel with the acceptance of the Law, as a stepping stone to Wisdom, by the later Vedantins, with Shankaracharya at their head? What course did the controversy take in later ages of the Church's life? What is its position to-day; what is the practical teaching for ourselves, in this age-long controversy between Faith and Works?

But for the present I must content myself with outlining, however imperfectly, the course of the controversy through the Upanishads and the documents of the New Testament.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

Will and Desire

THE Wanderer, we call him: a man of the mountains, whose home is in many cities. We think of him as a disciple, for in his presence time seems to disappear; he speaks of centuries as we speak of years, and of ourselves as if he had known us always. He joined our party one afternoon, since the last "Screen" was written, in a place not far from New York. He saluted us, and then, without further preliminaries, said that he wanted to suggest an answer to a question which, among ourselves, we had discussed some days before.

"Most people," he said, "who pride themselves on being strong-willed, really have no will at all. They have self-will, but not Will. For Will is a spiritual power—the master of desire, not its slave; and the will of the ordinary man follows his desire, as a river flows to the sea. The true will, the will of holiness, stands immovable, like a rock, in the midst of all desires, in the midst of any temptation. It is that which enables us to abstain because it is right to abstain.—And fear is a form of desire. The virtue of a man whose conduct and whose thoughts, even, are unimpeachable, may be a form of self-indulgence. Purity is not purity until it has been tried and tested to the uttermost. A 'good' man may be one who is half asleep, or a man quite colourless, or he may be too cowardly to indulge himself. No such man is really good: he is negative, and true virtue, like will, is positive and fiery.

"Perhaps speech is the best and simplest test. Why do we say certain things and abstain from saying others? Is it because we are afraid of being disliked? Do we abstain from saying smart and bitter things because we do not think of them to say—until too late? Are we careless and inconsiderate, perhaps unconscious of whether we hurt or not, of whether we help or not; or do we use the will of the soul to select between good and evil, between things helpful and the reverse?

"It does not follow that the spiritually enlightened person will please. It may be necessary for him to say things which others will misinterpret as harsh and unkind. One of the most common and most injurious forms of self-indulgence is to refrain from rebuke when a clear understanding of duty either does or should require it of us. The love of the Master is like dew from heaven: but it is also a sword.—Yet another form of self-indulgence is the infliction of our ideas or ideals upon others, whose needs and standards may be quite different from our own. We must learn so to surrender self that, in the matter of ideals, we prefer for another his own, rather than ours; and then, helping him more

clearly to formulate his ideals, we should help him also to live in true relation with them. At least as much harm is done by injudicious mention of Theosophy as by the silence of timidity. The heart—not the emotions or the mind—should guide us in all these matters. Love and will, properly understood, are aspects of the same force. It is a force which selfishness reflects reversely and perverts; but in itself it is eternal and divine. In the terminology of theosophical literature, it is a form of Buddhi active."

"What you have said of self-indulgence," commented the Philosopher, "is so similar in purpose and in feeling to a letter I received a few days ago, that perhaps you will allow me to read a brief extract from it now. The writer says: 'What we have to do, each of us, is to review our relations with our fellows, and to see in what respects we are self-indulgent or careless in speech or in manner—in what ways we fall short, in those relations, of the high ideal of self-restraint, courtesy and chivalry which the Master represents. That is not the least urgent of his requests of us to-day.'

"It may seem strange to reduce Occultism to terms of courtesy and consideration—and it is, of course, but one phase of a vast subject; but without doubt an unremitting consideration for others, in thought, word and act, of their feelings and peculiarities and needs, would do as much as anything to develop in us the high form of will of which you speak."

Pain

The Wanderer agreed. Then he turned to the Student and said: "I thought that you were going to tell us something." For a moment the Student looked surprised. "I was connecting what you said about the spiritual will with the mystery of pain: more specifically, with an article by 'Cavé' in *Fragments*. I can see that nothing would so develop and sharpen that kind of will as pain cheerfully accepted. There can be no room for self-indulgence in the bearing of pain, granting it is sufficiently acute. Perhaps the instinct of the saints, who prayed for pain, and who desired it with such passion, was not unhealthy, even though it marked a transition state. Perhaps they recognized instinctively that by no other means could the spiritual will, which proceeds from or through the Master, be cultivated so quickly."

"I think you are right," replied the Wanderer; "and I am glad that you connected the two ideas. But pain has another purpose, or, rather, the purpose of it suggested by you can be expressed in a way less positive, but more in keeping with the experience of the saints. 'The heart must bleed, to be purified.' Soon or late, before the impure can become pure—and it does not follow that everyone travels by this road—the vision of purity will strike impurity dumb with anguish. The pain of it will be almost unendurable, and yet indistinguishable from the

wildest joy. For, consciously or unconsciously, the person so suffering, is being born again, 'from above': his throes are those of birth. And, as St. Paul said, death precedes birth: 'that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die (I, who die daily, say this unto you). . . . So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. . . . Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God.'

"In Egypt," continued the Wanderer, "one of the rites began with a prayer like this: '. . . Give us death, give us death, give us death; that we may rise to Thee; that they may see Thee only!' St. Francis of Assisi echoed it in his prayer: 'May the fire of Thy love consume my soul, that I may die to myself and to the world for love of Thee, who hast vouchsafed to die on the cross for love of me.' Read your burial service as an incomplete but marvelously suggestive relic, and you will learn a great deal. Also, do not forget to join in the petition, the exact wording of which I have forgotten, though it runs to this effect: 'O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.' It is almost purely Egyptian—and vitally necessary, for, remember, where we think we are safest, invariably we are weakest. And we must not be afraid to die, if truly we desire to live."

Invocation

The Cynic has no sense of the fitness of things, as I have told him often, though the Sage, who loves him, assures me that the Cynic's interruption, in this case, was due to reaction from a part of himself into or up to which the Wanderer's reality had dragged him. For the Cynic now said:

"This conversation is becoming lugubrious. I thought we claimed to be the most consistently cheerful group of people on the American continent; but, at this rate, mourning hat-bands will be in order for every one of us!"

The Wanderer looked at him with a compassion that simply scorched. "'It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks,'" he said. "You cling to self with a tenacity worthy of a better cause. But, believe me, you will not know the meaning of joy until you have learned to long for pain. You have built a shell around yourself which only the Master's fire can melt; and that fire, which is his love, will be for you an agony unspeakable. Yet, when it comes, when you open your heart to receive it, when, in answer to your prayers, you have made yourself fit to receive it—your gratitude for that pain will be greater than for any happiness you have ever known. In the midst of those flames your one cry will be for more and still for more: for a more intense anguish—for deeper draughts of his love. Your heart, now hard (I do not speak in terms

of ordinary consciousness), will melt like wax; will turn to water; will become fire and flame like the love that consumes it. And you, poor thing of earth, will die, so that *you,* who walk the skies, may live for ever." Then, quickly turning his back on us, with some motion of hands and of arms that escaped me, the Wanderer prayed aloud: "Heart of my King, give them love! In the blaze of thy love, give them life! By the splendour and triumph of death, let them live!" Then there was silence. The Wanderer had been standing. Now he knelt, upright on his knees. The stillness, for a moment, was frightening. "Thy paths are peace," he murmured: and the stillness fell like dew. Suddenly, with both arms outflung like whips of steel, he cried to us: "The King in His glory! Children—the King in His glory!"

The Cynic, a strong man, bowed his head between his knees and trembled, as a tree trembles when struck by some terrible blast of wind. (He will never be a Cynic any more. It was, he said afterwards, as if the fibre of his body were being drawn from him, leaving nothing but the pulp.) Moments passed,—vivid, luminous, impossible to speak of. Then the Wanderer: "Heart of my King, it is Thy loveliness which draws us!" And I heard the Cynic, with both fists clinched above his head—bowed there, between his knees: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

. . . . . .

Hell

Several days had passed, and the Wanderer had left us. I had asked his permission to give in the "Screen" an outline of what he had said about the will and about pain—his smiling answer having been, "I never talk secrets!" So, at the next opportunity, the same group being present, I brought up the subject again, and was surprised to find how much actual experience some of my friends had had. The Gael began:

"Your Anglo-Saxon pride," he said, "drives you far afield for light. Your minds are sizzling with Talas and Patalas—with learned dissertations on what some old Egyptian or ancient Hindu wrote about states of consciousness. I could tell you more about Hell in five minutes than most of them tell in volumes. But you would not believe me, partly because the saying that 'a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house,'—was in itself a direct prophecy of the British and of the British-American peoples: you can no more believe that your neighbour knows anything, than that it is just as easy to show him friendliness as it is to show affection for the German Emperor or for some starving Chinaman. If you were to weep for your neighbour, and it were known of you, you would be covered with shame; but sentiment for someone thousands of miles away you regard as excus-

able. Your pride is not only your greatest barrier, but is also, without exception, the most ridiculous——"

The Sage stopped him. "Your contribution on the subject of Hell will be most acceptable when the time comes. If you make it objective prematurely, and at our expense, you will spoil the effect later. And allow me to remark, incidentally, that when you speak of ancient Egypt as 'far afield,' you sin against the very canon you prescribe: you refuse to recognize your neighbour. For no other religion is nearer to our own—you, as a Catholic, re-embody it; and no other period is more closely associated with the present. . . . That, however, is not the subject of discussion, which, as I see it, resolves itself into this: What do we know of the nature and purpose of pain? Perhaps the Philosopher will begin."

The Philosopher responded readily. "Suppose we consider first," he said, "the difference between Hell and Purgatory. In deference to the Gael, I will use the terms which he prefers. Hell is a state of consciousness in which there is rebellion against the will of God. You want something more than you want God; you know it; you insist upon having it; you get it; you are tortured by it, or by its effect upon you, or by further desire for it; yet you will not let go of it. Perhaps you will say that people in hell do not get what they desire. But that does not actually affect my definition, because the attraction in nearly every case is not the thing desired: it is the desire for the thing. People in Hell are those who cling to a desire for something less than God, and who reject God because of preference for that thing. And although the Gael was wrong in all else that he said, there was truth in his remark that the lowest depth of Hell is reached by Pride. By that sin fell the angels—and many men. There is power in it, though; and once pride is broken, utterly and beyond recall, it is possible to rise from the depths of Hell to the highest of the heavens. God never despairs of Satan. On the contrary, Christ was born to redeem him. That is mystical, but true. It has not been accomplished yet, any more than any other task which Christ set out to do: but it will be, in time."

"You are right in that," said the Gael. "We celebrate our Easter because of Christ. He will celebrate His Easter because of Satan—when the time comes."

"I do not in the least understand what you mean," protested the Student, "unless you speak of Satan symbolically as representing the evil in human nature."

"That view will be sufficient for your purpose," answered the Gael. "But it may be well to remember also that the universe exists in pairs of opposites. Granting the existence of light, you admit the existence of darkness. It is only that which is above manifestation which is above contrast, and which casts no shadow. Logically, you cannot believe in a personal Christ without believing in a personal Satan. The one is

purity and the other is perversion. Purity remains among men in order to redeem perversion."

"That is very important," added the Philosopher. "Evil is merely a perversion of spiritual power. There is no such thing as evil in and of itself. It is not a permanent principle. It begins, perhaps, as a blunder, or as a lack of understanding, and, unless corrected, it ends as a deliberate choice. As Cavé once wrote: 'O miracle of the wickedness of man, who creates him a hell out of his heaven, and, from the powers of his spiritual life, procures for himself damnation!'"

"From that point of view," said the Student, "Hell is simply a reversal of everything that Heaven contains. All of you have read Dante, and though none of you have quoted him directly, I can see that the views expressed so far agree perfectly with his. But now, how about Purgatory? Can we summarize Hell, as we leave it, in this way: it is a state of consciousness in which many people live while on earth, and as many or more after death, the essential characteristic of which is pain unrelieved by joy, and the cause of which is non-acceptance of the divine will?"

Purgatory

The Gael was now intolerant of delay: he had been silent too long. "If," he said, "you could have seen into me while you were talking of Hell, there would be no need now for me to speak of Purgatory. But the Student did show some glimmer of intelligence when he suggested that Hell is 'pain unrelieved by joy.' Purgatory is pain relieved by—well, in this case, by humour. Seriously, for now I am serious, Purgatory begins as soon as we desire to know and to accept the divine will. The more ardent our desire, the more intense its pain, but also the greater its joy. The Wanderer spoke of facts. What makes Purgatory is the vision of purity by impurity: at first a faint hope, at last a blinding glory. Read Dante. It is foolishness to talk of these things when he has said it all. But a word to those who are in Purgatory (and most people are, whether they know it or not: I am: everyone who is *trying* is in Purgatory)—accept anything and everything that happens as a means of purification. If someone or something annoys you, turn your attention instantly from the external cause to the cause within yourself. Work at removing that: never try to remove the stimulus. Regard circumstances, whether stable or fluctuating, as the expression of the Master's will. Realize that the best part of His gift is always that which you describe as a limitation or a barrier. Accept the barrier and it becomes a door: but accept it, not only with courage, but with joy—knowing it to be a door. And bring all your faith and trust to bear on this: when He takes away, it is always to give more perfectly. Believe, believe that He plans and works to give us, in fullness, the best of our heart's desire, and that there is no limitation of the present which is not

designed with that end in view. With desire does He still desire to eat the Passover with us—to enjoy with us the realization of our ideal. To withhold anything from Him is Hell; to surrender it to Him is Purgatory; to receive it again from His hands, with His blessing—made pure by His purity—and so to enjoy it in His presence: that is Heaven! Yet, strange as it may seem, there is no longing for Heaven until the last vestige of self has been burned out. On the upper levels of Purgatory there is no desire except for the wild joy of greater and ever greater pain. Because His presence, to the impure, is torture; and His presence becomes the one thing desirable. It is a struggle, at last, even to accept the gift of His love: greater still to accept the gift of His peace and His joy. Below, the veils are still so many that the call of His love for us—His need for our love—scarcely is heard. Yet He cries through the darkness, seeking the love of His heart—that lost little sheep which wandered; and one of the agonies of those above is that they hear so clearly, while the others hear not at all, or call it 'conscience' and sometimes laugh: while He, the despised and rejected, suffers.

"Now, as I speak, I feel it, and the pain and the joy of it are almost beyond endurance. But to-morrow, perhaps, I shall not feel it, and then the longing for that which now I can hardly endure will be worse, for the hunger of it, than the pain of the vision itself. . . . You do not understand? But you will. For those who walk upon earth, who are not in Hell or in Purgatory or in Paradise, are asleep, dreaming. I have visited Heaven, but, in my personal consciousness, I do not live there."

This was too much for the Critic. "What on earth do you mean?" he asked. "If the Recorder is going to repeat any of this in the 'Screen,' for sheer self-pity explain yourself, or the authorities will be after you for lunacy!"

The Gael was not perturbed. "It is quite simple," he said. "I do not live in Heaven because I have not learned to accept the limitations of earth. Most people, who rebel against limitations which do not worry me at all, would condemn my rebellion against other limitations of which they are not conscious. The 'authorities' worry about lunatics: I do not. I am more inclined to worry about the authorities. Still, I can resist that successfully: I can accept them at their worst. There are other things I cannot yet accept: my own imperfections among them."

Now the Gael, as a rule, is almost extravagantly light-hearted. He can be boyish in gaiety and mischief. I found it impossible to reconcile the appearance with what he now revealed of the facts. So I asked him, point-blank, to explain. He laughed, saying that he had an appointment, but that the Sage would explain, "because the Sage knows everything: there is nothing he will not tell you!" Then he waved us farewell and left.

Whether the Sage knew what he was talking about or not, is beyond

me to decide. But this is what he said, after some joking reference to the Gael's equivocal commendation:

"The effect of that flame, which, as the Wanderer told us, is really the breath of the Master's love, is so intense; is so consuming; is so terrible with pain and joy, that no human organism could stand it for very long, in spite of the desire to suffer it for ever. So the experience is intermittent: it comes and it goes. Its purpose is purification, and, once purity is fully attained, those same fires are felt, not as that indistinguishable union of opposites of which the Gael spoke, but as pure ecstasy. However, even before the perfection of purity has been attained, one effect of the process is to give glimpses of Paradise—unsought and undesired—which, shining from within outwardly, impress others with a sense of immortal youth and of radiance. The Gael, as he would tell you frankly, is far from being stable. But his unceasing effort is to raise his average level. The higher he raises that, the more constant will be the character both of his inner experience and of his outer expression. It will not always be the radiance of joy: but it will always be the radiance of love—not his own, but of the Great One whose shadow he will be. Meanwhile, be sure of one thing: whatever he may feel, his duty is to show to others a 'cheerful and pleasant countenance.' If he fails at any time to do that, except of deliberate purpose, he will have sunk below his average level, and he will be the first to know it."

Paradise

"Please," said the Student, "please say something about Paradise. I do not feel that I know the first thing about that: and I want to. From my lower levels I have heard all I can stand about the other thing."

No one spoke. The Student urged again. "I can tell you something that the Gael told me," the Sage said at last. "But first let me say this as to the difference between the psychic and the spiritual: the psychic gives a thrill of pleasure, by anticipation of something real—there is no *satisfaction* on that plane. The spiritual, on the other hand, is consummation: it is sufficient; it is complete. But now, briefly, for the Gael's experience. He received as a gift from Cavé the following Fragment:

" 'What havens of peace lie in the depths of divine consciousness; what security from the world's tumult, which beats unheard against its doors. Close thy ears and enter in. There, in utter forgetting, find the calm of unending union, and that radiance of joy which no outer circumstance can dim.'

"The Gael at first accepted that as referring to some inner world which, because inner, he thought of as being abstract and impersonal. (This was some time ago.) So he began by trying for 'utter forgetting.' He worked at that steadily, realizing that so long as his mind reflected

from below, he could get no clear consciousness of what was above. After weeks of persistent effort, he was given, perhaps for his encouragement, a glimpse of what was meant. The result was neither abstract nor impersonal. He discovered that Paradise is a real world of real people—not separate from this world, but within and enveloping this world. And he discovered that, when there, he did in fact experience 'the calm of unending union,' first with the Master, and, because of that, with those whom he, as a man, loves; and that joy and love are as inseparable from life there, as air is here. The dominant impression, he told me, was that of its being unending: that nothing could change it or interfere with it. There was not less of personality; there was more of it—but personal consciousness had become inclusive instead of exclusive: its center was as much in others as in himself, though existence itself radiated from the Master who was center and life of all.

"Some understanding of this state—rather, I should say, some feeling of it, can be reached by all of us during prayer or meditation. And, once experienced, we should never allow ourselves wholly to forget it, even when hurried or over-worked. The joy and the pain of Purgatory is but an echo of life in Paradise; and at any moment of any day, knowing it as the home of our soul, we should be able to reach within ourselves and to touch at least the hem of our garment of immortality.

"How to do this? As the Gael said, it is quite simple! You know that passage in the *Bhagavad Gîta:* 'Do all thou dost for Me; renounce for Me; sacrifice heart and mind and will to Me; live in the faith of Me.' So, if, instead of feeling pious, you feel irritable, go to Him with that irritability, just as you are, and ask Him to do what He wants with it—ask Him to make it worse or to remove it—just as He sees best; surrender it to Him. Every mood, every feeling, good, bad or indifferent, take to Him from minute to minute, and ask Him to purify it—to take it and to make it His own: surrender it to Him. And because He *is* Paradise, you will, minute by minute, transfer your consciousness from earth to heaven, learning at last to live in heaven and to visit earth—learning at last to be not of the world, though in it, even as He is not of the world, though its salvation and only peace.

T.

ELEMENTARY PAPER

Theosophy and Hypnotism

THE third object of the Theosophical Society is "To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man." Some of these unexplained latent powers have been brought to light by what is sometimes called mesmerism, animal magnetism, or hypnotism, which are but different names for essentially the same thing. Sometimes men profess to make a scientific distinction between them, but I doubt the accuracy of their definitions. For over ten years I investigated mesmerism, reading every book I could find in the English and French languages, and making thousands of experiments in private and public. I began by using the mesmeric passes and succeeded as well with them as I did later with other methods, except that it took much longer to produce sleep. With mesmeric passes it took me from ten to twenty minutes to produce sleep, and by other methods from two to five minutes—sometimes it was instantaneous. If I took a boy by the hand, placing my left thumb at the root of the nose—where the phrenologist locates individuality—and told him to look into my eye it was seldom more than two minutes before the eyelids began to droop, and the eyeballs to turn up and I told him he was asleep and could not get off the seat. In public lectures I used to give a dozen boys, each a little zinc disk with a bright copper rivet in the center and tell them to look steadily at it, while I kept the attention of the audience for five minutes. At the end of that time I took the boys one by one, selecting first those who seemed most susceptible to the influence, and treated them as described above. Generally ten of the twelve (and often the whole dozen) made good subjects for a mesmeric entertainment. At my suggestion they at once imagined themselves soldiers, sailors, auctioneers, lecturers, or any other character that I happened to think of. By drilling them together for a little time I got complete control of them and then selected the best of them for more striking experiments. Any of the boys could be made to imagine themselves girls and would take most remarkable pains with imaginary babies, or they would climb pillars for bird's nests, and tell how many eggs or young birds they found in the nest, the number seldom varying from what was in my own mind; —thought transference was quite easy. They would imitate all the noises of animals on a farm, would be sea-sick, imagine salt was sweet and sugar bitter; and from the same glass of water would taste any kind

of liquid suggested. Almost any of them could be made to think cold things were hot, and hot things cold, light things heavy and heavy things light.

Many times I have made strong men unable to lift a pound weight, and sometimes they got angry because I made small boys lift weights that they could not move at all. There were very few subjects whose limbs could not be made rigid as iron, or weak and paralyzed, and quite a number of those who volunteer for public experiment can be made as rigid as a body long dead. For instance, I have made a man lie down on three chairs, his head on one, his heels on another, while a third supported his back. I then made mesmeric passes over him for two or three minutes, after which I have removed the middle chair and sat upon his body without its yielding under my weight. I have then placed my hands upon his body for a few seconds, and then slowly raising them, the center of the body followed my hands without contact, until it formed a curve. On my replacing the chair and telling him to wake up, he would stand on his feet with every muscle loose and pulse normal. It was a not uncommon thing for subjects to develop clairvoyance both in private and public experiments. I say clairvoyance though perhaps it was not true clairvoyance, but the subjects could see and hear without using the physical organs of sight and hearing. For instance, with the subject's eyes closed and tightly bandaged, I would say to him, "Describe for me the first person on the fourth seat." He would do it quite accurately and sometimes humorously. I would then ask what the gentleman had in his pockets. This would be told in detail, and when he mentioned a watch I would ask him what time it indicated, what the number inside the case was, and whether a name or anything else was engraved there. This was usually told without an error. If there happened to be a letter in one of the pockets, the subject would (with the permission of the owner) describe its contents, and sometimes the person who wrote it and his surroundings when writing. Some subjects would describe the homes of people in the audience whom they did not know, telling of pictures, furniture, carpets, and people present. On one occasion a conversation was reported that we afterward found to be correct. They sometimes told of incidents in the lives of people in the audience that these persons declared untrue, but which upon inquiry of relatives were found to be correct, though the memory of the person had not retained them.

An objection to reincarnation which is commonly advanced is that if it were true we would be sure to remember. But if we utterly forget events that have occurred in the present life why should we expect to remember past lives? Some of the incidents referred to were very important and had affected the whole life. But while these experiments assured me of the truth of certain statements that I had read as to the wonderful latent powers in man I had still a feeling that it was morally

wrong for me to be making these experiments. This feeling became stronger and stronger, so that I found myself asking these questions, "Am I doing an injury to these people? Am I weakening their will power—their power to resist evil? Have I any right whatever to control and dominate their minds and bodies?" I reached the conclusion that I was wronging them, and resolved never to hypnotize another person, not even to cure disease. For more than twenty-five years I have kept this resolution, and after becoming a student of Theosophy I was glad that I had given up hynotism, for I then came to understand what I had intuitively felt before.

There are different theories advocated by different men to explain how these phenomena are produced. Some hold to the old mesmeric theory that there is a magnetic fluid passing from operator to subject, and in proof of this they give the statements of clairvoyants. Some also tell us that the fact that some diseases are contagious, and that old people are benefited by sleeping with young people confirms this theory. Others claim that the thought and will of the operator are propagated by ether waves, of even smaller amplitude and greater frequency than those which carry the Röntgen rays. Such waves are supposed to pass from one brain to another, arousing in the second brain an image similar to the one in the first brain.

But what matters it how the phenomena are produced if the effect be bad? Charcot, one of the greatest hypnotists of this generation, says, "The more I have examined the facts and the more I have advanced in my study, the more I am convinced that hypnotism is a reaction, not an action." What does this mean? It can only mean that hypnotism is to a certain degree a suspension of the vital force that animates and controls the body of man. In other words it is what Theosophy declares it to be, namely, a driving of the soul from the body, the paralyzing of Manas and the separation of Buddhi from that principle. It is an inversion of the truth. No God-given power should ever be used to produce a reaction by which the will of man is weakened or suspended, and the faculties of the mind controlled by another. No man should seek to control another, for by so doing he violates the laws of his being, the laws of brotherhood. We have no moral or spiritual right to control another or to compel him to do anything, whether we believe it will be beneficial to him or not. Hypnotism weakens the will of the subject and destroys his independence. It tends to deaden his mental faculties, making him negative and susceptible to the influence of others, and liable to be controlled by the will of others, and not so competent to control his own thinking and actions. This is a sin against our brother. Medical men are using it for the curing of disease and relief of pain, and because of this many people believe it to be an agent for good. We may not question the sincerity nor the benevolent impulses of those who use it and those who advocate its use, but we may question their wisdom

and the value of the results produced. In the first place hypnotism is founded on selfishness and cannot therefore be of real service to man. To sacrifice our own independence and our own individuality is a far greater price to pay than any relief from pain is worth. Perhaps we do not think that these results will follow, but that we shall be able to resist the will of others in everyday life, and be well able to control ourselves. Perhaps we can, but the risk is great. If during the time I was experimenting with mesmerism I met a boy on the street going to his work with dinner pail in hand, whom I had mesmerized, and would say to him, "That pail is hot!" he would instantly drop it and feel a sensation of burning in his hand. Now he knew it was not hot, but he was unable to hold it, although he enjoyed the joke as much as those who saw what he did. Another thing I found, too, and that is, that these boys whom I had controlled would go to another mesmeric entertainment declaring they would not yield themselves to this man as they had to me, but found themselves unable to resist. This was one of the first things that led me to give up the practice.

We should try to overcome disease and pain by seeking to understand and obey the laws that regulate life and produce health and strength. We should seek to perfect life by the rightful use and strengthening of all our powers of body and mind, for it is every man's duty to control himself. Perhaps some will ask if we may not allow qualified medical men to use it as we allow them to prescribe poisonous drugs for us. They further say that these drugs not only become harmless in their hands but positively beneficial, and in like manner hypnotism that is so dangerous in the hands of ignorant persons would be entirely changed, and only beneficial results would ensue if used by trained, scientific minds of the medical profession. Our medical men have a good knowledge of anatomy and physiology but many of them understand little of the workings of the human mind, and most of them are entirely ignorant of occultism. Such a great power as this cannot be put into the hands of any class or profession with safety. Power is only safe with the unselfish wise, with those whose great desire is to bless and not to curse, to quicken and strengthen the minds of our brothers and sisters, and not to dull and deaden their faculties; who desire to increase and not to lessen the will power of all, so that all may be self-controlled and in perfect harmony with the laws of being. Hypnotic suggestion is the reversal of certain laws of life and it is immoral to do evil that good may result. This much at least is plain, that we should never use our wills to force another to do, or refrain from doing even when we think that it would be for his good. We should never force on another the acceptance of any truth however important we may think it is—he must have liberty to accept, or reject as he may choose. It is ours to help, to bless, to instruct, but never to control and command.

JOHN SCHOFIELD.

REVIEWS

It has often been noted in the QUARTERLY that the science of to-day is fast pushing beyond the limits of things which can be perceived and tested by the physical senses. What will be the definite outcome of this tendency is hard to say, but it has always been the rule that nature yields her secrets to the persistent and widespread demand of man. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you": is the key to intellectual as well as devotional progress.

Of those who in our day are most persistently seeking to raise the veil which hides from humanity the what, the how, and the why of its existence, Sir Oliver Lodge stands in the foremost rank. His reputation as a physicist and his connection with The Society for Psychical Research create a certain predisposition in his favor. The combination of sound thinking and imagination which he possesses, and which has been characteristic of all great experimenters in the laboratory, promises, when turned to the investigation of the subconscious, a new and important increase of knowledge.

The avowed object of *Reason and Belief* is to assist in the solution of some of the problems which the higher criticism has forced upon teachers of the Bible. His excuse for writing is that his own researches have led him to perceive a profound substratum of truth underlying ancient doctrines, "and in so far as the progress of science instead of undermining actually illustrates and illumines some of them," he conceives it to be his duty as well as his privilege to indicate to the best of his ability how matters stand.

"There is no real end to anything in the Universe, no end to any real existence; nor is there any beginning." This proposition is his starting point. He illustrates it by the history of sandstone rock, of a cloud, of a piece of wood. The rock was formed of compacted sand, which is the result of an earlier rock ground to powder by the waves. The cloud "seems to spring into existence out of the blue, and presently evaporates again and ceases to be, as a cloud; but as an invisible vapour it continues, and as aqueous vapour it existed before it condensed into minute drops of liquid—*i.e.,* before it took shape and form and became visible. In essence it exists all the time, and the persistent material can form another cloud, or rain, or it can flow as a river, or can enter the sea,—but only to be evaporated again in due time, and go through an eternal cycle of changes." "So also look at a piece of wood burning in the fire. It was formed originally from sap elaborated in the leaves of the tree, through the chemical influence and energy of sunlight. It was composed out of carbonic acid and water, drunk in by the roots, taken up into the laboratory of the leaves, and there decomposed by sunlight, the oxygen being separated and liberated and expelled into the air. And now that the wood is burning, its carbon and hydrogen are re-combining with oxygen, thereby becoming gaseous again, and so restoring to the atmosphere the carbonic acid and water out of which the tree was formed." Similar is the history of a planet and a Solar System. "They represent a present phase or manifestation, in a continuous unending existence." From this

point he advances to a consideration of the human race. It is not likely that man, any more than anything else, began from nothing. "The complexity of his organism, the far-reaching quality of his mind, combined with what we know of the leisurely processes of nature, forbid the idea of construction elaborated in such fantastic haste. The body has been formed to a given pattern, quickly enough; so may a plant grow with great rapidity; but there must be some entity—even though it be only a germinal vesicle—which collects and arranges the particles to suit itself. The specific form of the structure depends on this entity, not on the miscellaneous sources of the particles." A little later he says, "At birth we began a separate individual existence but not from nothing."

So we come to the main point of Part I called Incarnation.

"My message is that there is some great truth in the idea of pre-existence;—not an obvious truth, nor one easy to formulate,—a truth difficult to express,—not to be identified with the guesses of re-incarnation and transmigration, which may be fanciful. We may not have been individuals before, but we are chips or fragments of a great mass of mind, of spirit, and of life,—drops, as it were, taken out of a germinal reservoir of life, and incubated until incarnate in a material body."

Sir Oliver Lodge's distinction between his own conception of pre-existence and the "guesses" of re-incarnation and transmigration need not be taken as weighing against the doctrine of re-incarnation. In a later chapter he refers to Sir Isaac Newton's first formulation of the law of gravitation as a guess, a flash of insight, an hypothesis. Moreover the doctrine may have been presented to him in its crude, popular form, and accordingly rejected. The fact that he names it with transmigration suggests that this is the case. For Lodge's idea of a substratum of being which continuously manifests itself in diverse varying forms seems to the writer to be identical with the theory that the Universe in sum as in detail is under the law of re-incarnation, and that the repeated appearance of man upon this earth merely constitutes one of the details in which the whole is partially expressing itself.

By means of physical evolution "a terrestrial existence was rendered possible for beings at a comparatively advanced stage of spiritual evolution." But "the doctrine of evolution—evolution of capacity for knowledge—is profoundly true with respect to the spirit of man; there is nothing artificial about our ignorance; facts are not withheld from us, any more than a picture, a statue, or an oratorio is kept from the cognizance of an animal,—everything lies before it, ready to be seen or heard,—only the perception is lacking."

Applied to the idea of "angels" usually treated as fanciful this conception leads to the conviction that "we are not really lonely in our struggle, that our destiny is not left haphazard, that there is no such thing as *laissez-faire* in a highly organized universe. Help may be rejected, but help is available; a ministry of benevolence surrounds us—a cloud of witnesses—not witnesses only but helpers, agents like ourselves, of the immanent God."

"And the race also has been helped. A Divine Helper has actually taken flesh and dwelt among us,—full of grace and truth." "We are all incarnations, all sons of God in a sense, but at that epoch a Son of God in the supremest sense took pity on the race, laid aside his majesty, made himself of no reputation, took upon him the form of a servant, a minister, entered into our flesh and lived on the planet as a peasant, a teacher, a reformer, a martyr. This is said to have literally happened; and as a student of science I am bound to say that, so far as we can understand such an assertion, there is nothing in it contrary to accepted knowledge. . . . All that the Churches say about it need not be true—is not all likely to be true; but something is true much better than they say—something which they and we together are gradually rising to understand." What is this but an

individual and tentative statement of the doctrine well known in the East that Christ was a divine avatar. A little later he refers to Jesus as "the visible incarnation of a Being of magnitude far higher than they had ever known."

Part II, The Old Testament in Education, has for its crux the idea of a progressive revelation, a revelation which is "gradual, not for the sake of delay or secrecy, but because of the limitation of human faculties." A formulation of truth suited to the understanding of Lord Kelvin would have been nonsense to a nomad tribe, wandering like Arabs in the desert, and seeking to found a civilized race among barbarous nations. Owing to the well-known fact that the childhood of the individual has a correspondence and peculiar sympathies with the childhood of the race, the Old Testament can, with special appropriateness, be taught to children.

The question as to how far certain portions of the Old Testament are true leads to a discussion of the distinction between the truth of science and the truth of poetry, with the emphasis for universality and permanence on the latter. It is in the spirit of the poet that the Old Testament has to be interpreted and understood. The great parts of it are manifestly inspired "and Inspiration is a reality, though its definition is at present vague." But whatever it means it does not mean infallibility. "Absolute truth is always beyond us." The essence of all human knowledge is that it is true as far as it goes. "It never goes all the way." Aside from its mission as the cradle of the Messiah, the chief value to humanity of the race of Israel is that it associated religion and morality for all time.

Part III of this most illuminating book is "of the nature of an apologia and anticipatory reply to critics." It is an appeal for a wider understanding of science, and a more frank acknowledgment of the value of working hypotheses in all departments. As a physicist, and justifying his procedure by the example of Newton, Sir Oliver Lodge believes that it is "not inappropriate to reach beyond the range of the physical and demonstrable, to a region where experience gained in those departments of knowledge may be genuinely serviceable. And although strict and positive certainty is as yet unattainable, and possibly may remain unattainable for centuries in the future as it has already been through the ages of the past, yet some approximation to the truth may be gradually made by utilizing every indication and stretching our human faculties to the utmost."

L. E. P.

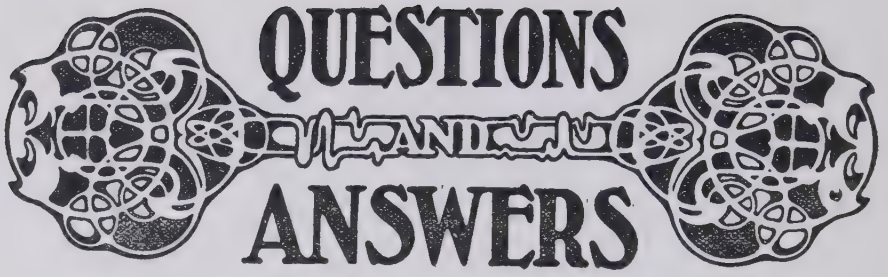
Lessons in Truth, by H. Emilie Cady, published by the Unity Tract Society of Kansas City. Admirable intention is manifest in this and in other publications of the same society, the leaders of which must undoubtedly be devout and earnest people. But are they interested still in facts? Their publications make statements which are not facts. "Our great basic statement," they say, "is, 'All is good, because all is God.'" In the first place, good and evil are relative terms. One is unthinkable without the other. You cannot conceive of darkness unless you have seen light. The universe is made up of these pairs of opposites. God transcends both good and evil. If you deny that, you limit God to your present conception of what is good. You also ignore the experience of all mankind which can be verified by yourself at any moment, just by facing the facts of your own consciousness. You quote St. Paul; but St. Paul did not say that all is good: he said that "in Him we live, and move, and have our being." A sponge, floating in the sea, remains a sponge. And St. Paul did not say, "*of* Him all things consist." He said, "*by* Him all things consist." The difference is fundamental. So, too, when you say, "I am Spirit, perfect, holy, harmonious. Nothing can hurt me or make me sick or afraid, for Spirit is God, and cannot be hurt or made sick or afraid, *I manifest my Real Self through this body now*"—when you assert that, you are as-

serting something which is not true. You are confusing your Spirit and your personality. If your "Real Self" were to manifest in your body now, your body would be reduced to something resembling a cinder. You imagine that you are glorifying the Spirit; actually you are trying to drag it down to serve the wishes of the mind. You assert, in other words, that it is always God's will that the body shall be healthy. But, unless you deny the most obvious facts—and surely there must be some limit to plausible negation—the truth is that some bodies are very unhealthy and that all physical bodies die. It follows that death and ill-health are just as much a part of His Will (and Wisdom) as life and physical vigour. Why not? Cannot His purposes be served at times, better by sorrow than by joy, better by sickness than by health, better by death than by life? When you assert the contrary; when you affirm that a body is healthy when it really is sick, or that God's will must necessarily be on the side of health always—you are, in the first instance, using Hypnotism to bring about a cure, and, in the second instance, a power more dangerous than that of ordinary Hypnotism, because more subtle. In both cases all that you accomplish is to push the dust underneath the furniture. You defeat the efforts of the Soul to get rid of the evils that encumber it. It is worse than merely to postpone the day of reckoning. You cause a congestion and inflammation *within* that is infinitely more dangerous than any disease now known to us. T.

The Burden of Isis.—This interesting and attractive little book is one of the "Wisdom of the East" series, several of which have been reviewed in previous numbers of the QUARTERLY. The present volume gives the old Egyptian legend and tells us that Osiris, son of Earth and Heaven, married his sister Isis. His brother Set became jealous of him, tricked him into a chest and threw him into the Nile. Isis then searched the Nile for the body of her husband, but Set divided the body into fourteen pieces before it could be interred, and scattered them throughout Egypt. Isis again set out on a search and finally found thirteen, the fourteenth having been eaten by fishes.

This legend was the foundation for one of the great religious cults in Egypt, and the chants which are translated in this volume are part of the ritual of this worship. They are of immense antiquity, and the lines are full of mystic significance which it is well worth while to try to understand. L. G.

Stray Thoughts on Character, by Lucy H. M. Soulsby (Longmans, Green & Co.), is written primarily for women. But it should appeal equally to men. Mrs. Soulsby is a woman of wide reading and unusually deep insight. She has learned the importance of little things. Her chapter on Happiness is really remarkable. A high idealist, she is none the less intensely practical, while her style is so simple that any child of fourteen should be able easily to follow her thought. In her essay on Self-Control, which is based upon Herbert Spencer's dictum that "the test of being educated is, can you do what you ought, when you ought, whether you want to do it or not?" Mrs. Soulsby, though addressing mothers, suggests a method of education which cannot fail to interest everyone who comes in contact with children (or with the child in themselves!). We strongly recommend this book to our readers. T.



QUESTION 128.—*May I ask through the medium of your publication some explanation of what to me seems to be a fundamental principle of theosophy.*

What is the purpose of the Universe, of the descent of the Logos into material form? It is understood in so far that it is self-limitation of the Logos, the object of which was—as defined in Mrs. Annie Besant's "In the Outer Court"—"to pour forth the bliss which was its own essential nature, so that when the cycle of existence should be completed, there should be many individuals, radiant and joyous to share with it that perfect bliss which should ever grow as they approach to Itself." Does this implied reunion of the many individuals with the original source, the Logos, after the cycle of existence, render It any greater, or more developed, or more perfect than it was before this manifestation in form was brought about. That is—was the Logos then but small and limited in comparison with what it ultimately is to be. On the other hand, if this is not the case, if the Logos has ever been the same unchangeable reality that it ever is or will be, how has this self-limitation affected its essential nature?

Is perfection a fixed state of being or—if it is ever progressive and never absolute, is it to be concluded that the Logos itself never will be perfect and that there is no such thing as perfection?

ANSWER.—There is a tradition that in the Lodge even the higher chelas are positively forbidden to speculate upon such questions. They are absolutely beyond the range of the mind; cannot be understood; are a waste of time and energy; and often lead to doubt or scepticism. Let us therefore turn our attention to the living of a higher life, instead of to speculations concerning it, its purpose and ultimate goal. C. A. G., JR.

ANSWER.—All these questions are answered constructively in *The Secret Doctrine,* to which the questioner is referred. They are to be solved by moral progress, not by word-chopping. C. J.

ANSWER.—I do not feel equal to answering these queries. Of course one could say that "perfection" is an absolute condition, and cannot, therefore, be more or less; but I do not feel sure what the querent means by the Logos, which seems to be confounded with the Absolute.

I am always sorry for people who are trying to make puzzles for themselves out of problems that only Divine Intelligence can solve. Is it not more sane to acknowledge that there are some things with which we have *at present* no concern? Questions about the ultimate perfection of the Logos seem to come into this category. KATHARINE HILLARD.

ANSWER.—Perfection implies limitation—finality. The keynote of the Universe is development—infinity in all senses. There is a phrase—"The glory of the imperfect"—which may be suggestive to the questioner. I remember once being puzzled over the question: Can Infinity progress? If not, I thought, what is the

use of all this manifestation. If it can progress how can it be Infinity? The answer I received to my query was: Yes, Infinity can progress. Whether this is true of the Absolute, it is as impossible for us to say as for a part to contain the whole. To pass judgment on the Absolute is impossible for us because we are parts of It, and can not set ourselves outside of It:—take a sort of birds-eye view of the Absolute in Its environment and say "Here is the Absolute; here is that which is other than the Absolute." We can reach it by the unity of love and aspiration, not by the mind. The mind defines; to define one must set limits; and to set limits one must be able to see around that which is to be limited. Matthew Arnold said that man must never forget his *provincial* position in the Universe. All our knowledge is relative to our spiritual standing. If we would know more we must expand our faculties by spiritual growth.

I have been told that the purpose of the descent into matter was the attainment of self-consciousness and concreteness. By phenomenal experience these qualities are being hammered into what was formerly conscious, but not self-conscious, and abstract. Is it not possible that that applies to the Logos? I do not know. I merely throw this out as a suggestion. L. E. P.

QUESTION 129.—*Hibbert Journal, Jan.,* 1911, *p.* 359. *"the crucifixion of Deity in and for the creature." What does that mean?*

ANSWER.—"Of the mystery of the Incarnation we need not speculate, and what he was before the Incarnation we can hardly express. The best attempt that has been made to express it conveys the idea in mystical and very beautiful language with which we are all familiar: modulating the great creation theme—'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters'—into poetic utterance still more magnificent:—

"'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. . . .

"'And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the father, full of grace and truth.'

"Yes, that is as near as we can get to the extraordinary truth! The Great Spirit took pity on the human race, which was blundering along, afflicted with a terrible burden of sins, with mistaken notions of worship,—bloody sacrifices, burnt offerings, and all the machinery of priestcraft, even when it did not fall into idolatry. Called as it was to something better and higher and purer from time to time by the great prophets which arose, it was still terribly mistaken, still confused by hopelessly wrong ideas of the nature of God, and liable to attribute to the Deity all manner of human weaknesses and imperfections. That was the condition of unregenerate man. So a Divine Spirit—'the Lord from heaven'—became incarnate, in order to reveal to us the hidden nature of God,—the love, the pity, the long-suffering, the kindness—all that we had missed or misconceived or that priests had defaced. He came to tell us what the Kingdom of Heaven was really like. In many parables he tried to make it clear to us. He found it no easy task, but it was his central message, his constant endeavour, to convey some sense of the reality and meaning of the Kingdom of Heaven, and how it might be actually realized on earth. We see now that if the human will could only get into harmony with the Divine will, if the will of God could be done on earth as it is done in heaven, the Kingdom would have come; earth and heaven would have become one, and the joy of existence would be supreme." (Lodge: *Reason and Belief.*)

"Even then within the realm of undisputed physical law, and without emerging beyond the region of natural history, we meet with promises of reality objective

to God in various degrees, without prejudice to the identification of all power with his will. But the full security against the dissolving mists of pantheism is first obtained when we quit the simply natural field in which nothing is possible but in linear links of succession, and stand in presence of the supernatural in man, to whom an *alternative* is given, and in whom is a real mind, or miniature of God, consciously acting from a selected end in view. Here it is that we first learn the solemn difference in ourselves between what is and what might be; and, carrying the lesson abroad, discover how faint a symbol is visible nature of its ideal essence and Divine Cause. Here it is, that, after long detention in our prison of facts, the walls become transparent, and let us see the fields more than elysian beyond. The Eternal is more than all that he has done. And if the universe, with all its vastness, is only the single actuality which shapes itself out of a sea of possibilities; if its laws are but one function of thought in a mind that transcends them every way; then in being the indwelling beauty and power of the world, he does not cease to be the living God above the world and though the world were gone. Still more, if, within the local realm of his administration, there is an enclosure which he has chosen to rail off as sacred for a minor divineness like his own, for a free and spiritual life, having play enough from the thraldom of natural laws for responsible movements of its own; then, however resistless the sweep of his power elsewhere, here, at the threshold of this shrine of conflict and of prayer, he gently pauses in his almightiness, and lets only his love and righteousness enter in. Here is a holy place, reserved for genuine moral relations and personal affections, for infinite pity and finite sacrifice, for tears of compunction and the embrace of forgiveness, and all the hidden life by which the soul ascends to God.

"Here, however, we are carried on to ground which no natural philosopher can survey for us. Looking back on the path which has led us thus far, we meet, in the three great modern discoveries, respecting the space, the duration, the forces, of the cosmos, with nothing to disturb, and with much to elevate and glorify, the religious interpretation of nature; and, through the falling away of puerile conceptions, at once to justify and to harmonize the impressions of devout minds in every age. The outward world, nevertheless, is not the school of the purest and deepest. It is not God's characteristic sphere of *self-expression.* Rather it is his eternal act of *self-limitation;* of abstinence from the movements of free affection moment by moment, for the sake of a constancy that shall never falter or deceive. The finite universe is thus the stooping of the Infinite will to an everlasting self-sacrifice; the assumption of a patient silence by the fountain-head of boundless thought. The silence is first broken, the self-expression comes forth, in the moral phenomena of our life, where at last spirit speaks with spirit, and the passage is made from the measured steps of material usage to the free flight of spiritual affection. The world reports the power, reflects the beauty, spreads abroad the majesty, of the Supreme Cause; but we cannot speak of higher attributes, and apprehend the positive grounds of trust and love, without entering the precincts of humanity." (James Martineau: *The Seat of Authority in Religion, God in Nature.*)

These two passages may be suggestive to the questioner. Both books are recommended in their entirety. L. E. P.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society was held at New York on April 29, 1911, at the Brevoort Hotel.

MORNING SESSION

The Convention having been called in accordance with the Constitution, was declared to be in session and members and friends were greeted by Mr. Charles Johnston, Chairman of the Executive Committee.

Temporary Organization

Nominations for temporary Chairman and for temporary Secretary of the Convention were then called for.

Upon motion Mr. Charles Johnston of New York was unanimously chosen temporary Chairman, and Mr. Perkins of New York, temporary Secretary.

The Chairman cordially welcomed the delegates and members, closing his address with an earnest warning against the dangers which always attend upon periods of prosperity in the life of the Society.

Upon motion the Chair appointed a Committee on Credentials, consisting of Mrs. Ada Gregg, of Brooklyn, Miss Margaret Hohnstedt, of Dayton, and Mr. H. B. Mitchell, of New York; and it was voted to adjourn until this Committee should be ready to make its report.

Report of the Committee on Credentials

The Convention having reassembled, the Committee on Credentials reported that the credentials submitted had been examined and found satisfactory, the following 35 Branches, entitled to cast a total vote of 193 votes, being represented by delegates or by proxies:

Aurora, Oakland, Cal.
Baltimore, Baltimore, Md.
Blavatsky, Washington, D. C.
Boston, Boston, Mass.
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, O.
Dayton, Dayton, O.
Denver, Denver, Colo.
Detroit, Detroit, Mich.
Fort Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.
H. P. B., Toledo, O.
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Ind.
Middletown, Middletown, O.
New York, New York, N. Y.
Pacific, Los Angeles, Cal.
Providence, Providence, R. I.
Queen City, Seattle, Wash.
Shila, Toledo, O.
Southern, Greensboro, N. C.
Stockton, Stockton, Cal.
Syracuse, Syracuse, N. Y.
Toronto, Toronto, Canada.
Unity, Indianapolis, Ind.
Venezuelan, Caracas, Venezuela.
London, London, England.
Newcastle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.
Karma, Christiana, Norway.
Arvika, Arvika, Sweden.
Berlin, Berlin, Germany.
North Berlin, Berlin, Germany.
Dresden, Dresden, Germany.
Flensburg, Flensburg, Germany.
Neusalz, Neusalz, Germany.
Suhl, Suhl, Germany.
Munich, Munich, Germany.
Steglitz, Steglitz, Germany.

Upon motion the report was accepted and the Committee on Credentials discharged with the thanks of the Convention.

Permanent Organization

The Chair then called for nominations for permanent Chairman and Secretary.

Upon motion Mr. H. B. Mitchell, of New York, was elected permanent Chairman, and the temporary Secretary was made permanent Secretary.

Upon motion a vote of thanks was given the temporary Chairman for his kindly offices.

Mr. Mitchell, on taking the Chair, asked for nominations for a Committee on Resolutions, and the Chair, by vote, was authorized to appoint a Committee of three, the following being named: Mr. E. T. Hargrove, of New York, Mrs. Marian F. Gitt, of Washington, and Mr. Guy Manning, of Cincinnati.

Upon motion the Chair was authorized to appoint a Committee of three as a Committee on Nominations, the following being appointed: Mr. C. A. Griscom, Jr., of New York, Mrs. Gordon, of Hamilton, O., and Mr. Benninger, of Cincinnati.

These Committees were instructed to meet and report during the Convention.

The Chair then called for the reports of the officers of the Society. Mr. Charles Johnston responded as follows:

REPORTS OF OFFICERS

Report of the Executive Committee for the Year Ending April 28, 1911.

Fellow-Members:

Happy is the country which has no history, says the proverb. In the same sense, happy is the year in which the Executive Committee has no report to make.

In past years, the Executive Committee has had very much to do in the great task of rebuilding the international organization of The Theosophical Society. That work is now, fortunately, completed. Much work was also involved in the revision of our Constitution and By-Laws, and in the restoration of our name, The Theosophical Society, without limitation to any nation or any place. That, too, is happily consummated. There remains only the quiet, steady growth of the Society, the details of which find their proper place rather in the Report of our beloved and well trusted Secretary. Yet these details appeal in a special way to the Executive Committee, through its Chairman.

For it is one of the privileges of the Chairman of the Executive Committee, and a high one, to sign the diplomas which give new members formal entry to The Theosophical Society, and the Chairman always signs these diplomas with a sense of the deep responsibility involved, and with high hopes for the Theosophical life of the new member, who may be the means of bringing signal blessings on us all, and on humanity, through the work of our Movement.

The Chairman holds this high hope, but not less the sense of deep responsibility, especially where diplomas come so fast as they have, during the past year. What of all these new members? What is the Society doing, what are the older members doing, to bring them to a genuine understanding of our ideal and our goal, the Theosophical method and spirit, so that they may become truly a part of the life of the great Theosophical Movement?

Truly, a very serious question, the contemplation of which should fill our hearts with humility.

May 29, 1911.

Charles Johnston,
Chairman Executive Committee.

Upon motion the above report was accepted. The appreciation of the work of the Executive Committee and of its Chairman being manifested by a rising vote.

The Secretary's Report being requested, Mrs. Ada Gregg, Secretary T. S., responded as follows:

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY, T. S., FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 28, 1911.

New Branches and Members.

The Secretary begs to report that during the preceding year diplomas have been issued to 156 new members: as follows: In the United States, 50; in South America, 46; in Germany, 44; in England, 9; in Norway, 2; in Sweden, 2; in Austria, 2, and in Canada 1. Total 156.

During the same period the Society has lost by resignation 10 and by death 4.

One charter has been issued to a new Branch—the H. P. B. Branch at Toledo, Ohio, issued August 14, 1910.

Correspondence.

It is again my pleasant duty to refer to the general correspondence in which the Secretary finds abundant compensation for the daily routine which a Secretary's work involves.

Every communication is welcomed whether from the tried and true correspondent of many years—or the unfamiliar writing of an applicant for information, which thrills the Secretary's heart with the suggestion, that the light which Theosophy is presenting to the world has found another responsive soul—has awakened a desire to learn more of its teachings with the hope that it will point the way to usefulness, peace and happiness.

In this constant interchange of thought—fellowship of service—oneness in purpose and effort to give all possible help to others—forming groups for study—affiliating with societies formed by the steadily growing class of those who have outgrown the letter of their creeds, and are endeavoring to bring light to those less favored than themselves—and the frequent expressions of confidence in the guidance and constant assistance given by our elder brothers—one cannot fail to sense the earnestness, devotion, unity and harmony apparent in the varied correspondence that reaches us.

Many encouraging words also come from our international brothers, recognizing our mutual helpfulness and giving expression to the feeling of strong and steady growth which our effort has brought.

The Sale of Books.

It is encouraging to note that the sale of books—especially the Society's publications—have far exceeded all previous records. The second edition of the *Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine* has been issued and it will soon be necessary to issue new editions of the *Bhagavad Gita, Fragments, Meditation* and *The Song of Life.*

The Secretary's request for the earlier magazines of the Society, *The Path, The Theosophist, Lucifer,* etc., met with prompt response—not only furnishing the Society with a liberal supply of magazines, but resulting in many applications—making acquaintances in new fields—and much interesting correspondence. The students of Berlin were the first to apply and the Secretary has assembled almost complete files of *The Path, The Theosophist* and *Lucifer,* which will soon be sent them.

It is also gratifying that the demand for books through this department is not confined to theosophists and the theosophical literature. The busy Secretary is sent into unexplored fields without guide or chart—or author's or publisher's name or location. Happily, our facilities for securing books are greatly increased so that any book not in stock can be promptly supplied.

The Quarterly.

The spirit of inquiry is subtle and constant, thus showing that Divine Wisdom has come very close to man, even though it be in its incipient stage of recognition. Its force is shown in the evidences of appreciation that come to us—showing that the QUARTERLY is a wanted magazine on the library shelves and tables of universities, public libraries and reading rooms; distributed through the United States from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf. It also makes its quarterly visits to Canada, Cuba, South America, England, India, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Austria, Australia, Southern Africa and the latest advance comes from Palestine.

We hear more frequently from the public libraries than from any other mode of distribution. The following extract from a recent correspondent is typical: "Yesterday I came across the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY in the public library, and I find much in it that appeals to me—kindly forward the necessary instructions as to the requirements, obligations, and conditions of membership in the Theosophical Society." A member speaking of the teachings of the QUARTERLY and its influence said "The QUARTERLY you sent me brought me into the Society—I lived upon it for weeks."

A Word Personal.

It would be very ungrateful indeed if the Secretary failed to express the great sense of the help that has so continuously been given by individuals, members, branches and co-workers. The Secretary has been much aided in carrying on the work by feeling the support which comes from the Society's great bulwark—Sympathy—which helps so magically in enabling us to perform the duties entrusted to our care.

Respectfully submitted,

ADA GREGG,
Secretary.

Upon motion the Report of the Secretary was accepted, a rising vote expressing appreciation of the Secretary's unfailing devotion to the interests of the Society.

The Report of the Treasurer being in order, Mr. Hargrove was called to the Chair while Mr. Mitchell, Treasurer of the T. S., presented his Report as follows:

REPORT OF THE TREASURER, T. S., APRIL 26, 1910—APRIL 28, 1911.

Receipts.		*Disbursements.*	
Dues	$767.00	Secretary's Office	$273.89
Contributions	847.01	Theosophical Quarterly (four numbers, July, 1910, to April, 1911)	1,108.08
Theosophical Quarterly	292.18		$1,381.97
	$1,906.19	Balance, April 28, 1911	681.60
Balance April 26, 1910	157.38		$2,063.57
	$2,063.57	Repayment of Advance to Book Business for publication	194.69
Advance to Book Business Feb. 9, for publication Secret Doctrine Abridgment	194.69		
	$2,258.26		$2,258.26

April 28, 1911.

H. B. MITCHELL,
Treasurer.

In presenting this report the Treasurer took occasion to congratulate the Society upon the result of the mite-box contributions which had gone far toward converting the annual deficit, usually met by a few members, into a creditable balance.

During the discussion which followed the reading of the Treasurer's Report, several members expressed approval of the mite-box method of contribution, and satisfaction that dues and voluntary contributions had met the expenses of the Society for the past year leaving a balance in its Treasury.

Upon motion the Report of the Treasurer was accepted, and a rising vote signified the unanimous wish to express the gratitude of the Society for the service of its Treasurer.

By motion of Mr. Hargrove, the Editor of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY was given an enthusiastic vote of thanks for the toil and for the skill which made possible a publication reflecting so admirably the work and spirit of the Society.

Responding to this vote, Mr. Griscom accepted the thanks of the Society just long enough to bestow them upon Mr. Johnston and others who contribute regularly to the QUARTERLY; He then gave an interesting outline of the growth of the publication, its purposes, and the wide circulation for usefulness which it has gradually achieved.

By vote the Convention then adjourned until 3.15 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION

On reconvening, the Chair announced the receipt of cablegrams and letters addressed to the Convention from Branches abroad not represented by delegates in person. These cables and letters were then read by Mr. Griscom and Mr. Perkins, with comments on the work being done by many of the foreign Branches. Mr. Johnston spoke in detail of the German Branches and of some independent, original work done by them in connection with the Wagner Music drama and the ancient Scandinavian Eddas. Even more admirable than their literary contribution, he considered the well organized and energetic work in establishing Branches as offshoots of the parent German Societies. Mr. Johnston said that the American Branches may well profit by the example of our German brothers in the excellent plan for study classes and in the fine quality of devotion which they bring to the task.

Dr. Clark, of Philadelphia, kindly translated for the Convention messages which came in a foreign language.

LETTERS OF GREETING AND REPORTS FROM FOREIGN BRANCHES

ARVIKA BRANCH

Arvika, Sweden.

Greeting and Report.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

The members of the Arvika Branch in Sweden send cordial greetings and good wishes to all.

Those of our members, who live in this town and in its neighborhood meet regularly every Wednesday, Summer and Winter alike, for reading and discussion, taking for the most part extracts from the QUARTERLY.

This Magazine has been a uniting link between Theosophists over all the world; and we take this opportunity to send the Editor of the QUARTERLY and the co-workers in it our warmest thanks.

All our meetings are open to the public, but we do not advertise them in the newspapers. Like a family we gather together, and our little common home is frequently visited by outsiders.

Fraternally yours,

H. JULIN, *President.*

THE KARMA BRANCH

Eidsvold, Christiana, Norway.

Greeting.

To the Members of the Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

When in a body, harmony prevails, trust is a fact, brotherly love rules the heart, and the eye is beaming forth joy:—then there is that silence which is peace.

May this silence be yours to-day.

With brotherly greetings from The Karma Branch, Christiana.

Yours fraternally,

T. H. KNOFF.

UNITED GERMAN BRANCHES

To the Members of the Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

DEAR COMRADES:

In the name of your fellow-members and on my behalf, I send you the heartiest greetings and good wishes. We are sorry not to be able to send, in person, one or more delegates to be present at the Convention, and to take part in all the proceedings. But we must be satisfied to be present in thought and in heart; we are sure that we shall get our share of the results of the work done by the Convention in New York.

As you will know from the report of last Convention of the German Branches of the T. S. we have accepted the name "United German Branches of the T. S." We believe that this means a step forward in the manifestation of Universal Brotherhood. We gave up the national name as a result of our feeling, that each Branch is a direct and integral part of The Theosophical Society; and also that each member is first a member of the "T. S.," before being a member of a Branch.

We all believe that the cultivation of such feelings helps us enormously towards the realization of Universal Brotherhood, which is the highest aim of our "T. S." Each one can perceive this for himself by the fact that he gradually learns to lose all sense of separateness, all sense of personality. In place of this we get the sense of Unity; we learn to forget to work and to think as a "man," so that we may learn to think and work as "Humanity." This, it seems to me, is the only standpoint for the true and real man.

We here in Germany are glad that, so far as the organization is considered, we have reached this point in the realization of the Unity of the "T. S." This is a basis, which gives each member and each Branch the necessary freedom to work itself up to the plane of Unity, to the spiritual plane, unhindered by any authority. Each member and each Branch learns hereby to stand on his own feet, to look for help first to the inner, spiritual world, instead of to other co-workers or to some authority. Finding this true basis, we are now better able to lift up our minds to the higher, inner world, to aspire to come nearer to the Masters; in short, we are then fit to travel the Path, which leads to the "Higher Life," without fearing to go astray in sidepaths.

As the progress of us all and of the "T. S." as a whole, can lie only in this direction, I wish heartily that this Convention may be a milestone towards Union, "union of heart!" Accordingly as we succeed in this, we shall get doubtless the

help and support of all those Beings who have already reached the Goal, and whom some of us, if not all, know as the members of the "White Lodge."

May the blessing of these Beings, our Masters, rest on our present Convention!

Fraternally yours,

PAUL RAATZ,
Secretary of the "United German Branches of the T. S."

BERLIN BRANCH

Report.

During the last year, the number of our members has increased from 95 to 113. As usual, we had public meetings on each Wednesday, giving lectures and studying *Key to Theosophy* alternatively. We have succeeded in securing the help of a good many lecturers outside the Theosophical Society who addressed our meetings. Once a month we studied *Voice of the Silence* in a class of members and also once a month our members assembled for a social meeting where there was conversation on matters of general interest and where we heard reports of members who had attended meetings of other societies interested in philosophical and religious affairs. During the last winter, some very good lectures were given in Berlin to the general public, in which much of the theosophical spirit could be found; these reports were always very interesting. On these occasions, the letters of our American and other foreign friends were read.

It is in these directions that we are going to continue to work, and we are full of hope for the coming year.

Fraternally yours,

E. J. WIEDERHOLD, *Secretary.*

NORTH BERLIN BRANCH

Greeting and Report.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

DEAR COMRADES:

You may be sure that every earnest member in Germany regrets his inability to be with you and to take part in the proceedings of the Convention. It is also impossible for our delegates to be in New York. We send you, therefore, our heartiest greetings and good wishes; we hope that your work will meet with success.

The following is a short report of the activities and life of our Branch. Our membership is nineteen. During the past year three members have left the branch and two have joined it. Our Branch has rooms of its own; they are located however in a part of the city where the population is mostly comprised of social-democratic workmen, who show no interest in our movement, in spite of all kinds of propaganda. (Politics now occupy the minds of all.) Lectures are held every week. The audience numbers between twenty and thirty. The lectures are given by our members, a few true friends from the Berlin Branch and several outsiders. In the very lively discussions, the guests take a prominent part. Circumstances have compelled us to discontinue our study-class for a while. Last year we studied alternately *Light on the Path* and *Key to Theosophy.*

Sometimes we all have the feeling that our Branch did better work a few years ago and that something must occur to bring about an improvement in the present condition. We hope that our mistakes and the hindrances to our work which are now hidden from our view may make themselves apparent. Our aspiration and love for the Theosophical work is certainly strong enough to open up new paths to the great goal.

In behalf of all members of North Berlin Branch,

ERNST JOHN, *President.*

Dresden Branch

Greetings and Report.

To the Members of the Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

Another year has passed—a brief yet fertile season that has given us our long wished for "home." The influence of a home is powerful, is great, in the daily life of every man; but it is much more significant when the life affected is the corporate life of a Branch. A feeling of unity is increasing among our members, and makes itself felt among outsiders also. Our "home" is a magnetic centre drawing to itself souls eager for truth; we can see its effect in the growth of our membership to 34, as against 19 of the preceding year.

As to our work, we have a public meeting every Monday. The program varies; sometimes there is a general discussion, sometimes translations of articles in the Quarterly are read, sometimes there is an address, followed by questions and answers from the members. But whatever the work, we feel that we are not doing it alone, that the Masters are giving their help.

We are anticipating much pleasure and benefit from the Convention of the German Branches of The Theosophical Society here in Dresden on May 13th and 14th.

Goethe says "all actual things are types and symbols of real things unseen." These words should be in our minds when we cast our eyes over the work of our Branches. We should pass from the outer activity to the Reality that those activities manifest: The power and love of the Masters. May this power and love rest in blessing upon the Convention now assembled in New York.

With sincere good wishes,

The Dresden Branch.

Munich Branch

Greetings.

The Munich Branch sends to all the friends and brothers now assembled in New York the most sincere and fraternal greetings and good wishes. May they all be divinely guided in their deliberations upon the welfare and future of the Theosophical Society.

On behalf of the Munich Branch,

Georg Kohl.

Steglitz Branch

Greeting and Report.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

Dear Comrades:

The members of the Steglitz Branch of The Theosophical Society beg to send you their heartiest greetings and best wishes for the work you are accomplishing for the benefit of the whole Society. We are joining with you in thought and in heart, since none of us can be present in person. We hope that from all the good thoughts and feelings which will find their expression on this occasion and from all the good mutual advice which will be given, a great stimulus and help for the work in the coming year may result.

The year which is now closing was for our Branch a very quiet one as far as outer, visible results are concerned. Our regular weekly meetings were not largely attended and our study class had to be given up for lack of attendance. In fact our members are all without exception very busy people. They are generally too much fatigued at night to take part in philosophical discussions, especially as these are likely to continue late, thus depriving them of their much needed rest. This is likewise the case with the visitors who have been attending our meetings. We have therefore, for the present, accepted the situation, convinced that surely, in time to come, the interest and ability for philosophical discussions will be revived in the members as well as in our visitors.

Meanwhile we know, that all real success is achieved on the inner planes, and in that direction, it seems to me, we have all made good progress during the last year. We are persuaded that our duty as members of The Theosophical Society is not fulfilled by learning and teaching certain doctrines, called Theosophical Philosophy, however good we may have found its influence to be; we have learned that everything which comes from the heart of men and everything which leads to an improvement of the governing ideas of our race forms a part of Theosophy and is to be fostered and cultivated by us. Most of all, we have begun to learn that Theosophy is a Life and that consequently our Theosophical work may never be considered as confined to our Theosophical Society meetings, but must be effective during every moment of daily life and must be carried out while we are fulfilling our ordinary tasks. Difficult as this still appears, at least we have learned, that it *must* be done, that it is the only means by which we can fulfill our duties as members of the Theosophical Society, and the only way by which we can expect to make our work successful. We confidently hope that during the next year we may take a decided step forward on this road.

Trusting that we shall soon feel within us the inspiring effect, which inevitably will be imparted to the whole Society by the work you are now doing during the Convention for all of us, we pray that the Blessing of the Masters may be upon your work.

On behalf of the Steglitz Branch,

Very fraternally yours,

LEO SCHOCH, *President.*

THE BRITISH NATIONAL BRANCH

London.

Greetings and Report.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

The British National Branch sends its greetings and heartiest wishes for the prosperity of the Society and the success of its deliberations.

Here, in England, we are very gradually increasing the number of our members, more particularly in the north. No new Branches have been formed but several centres which, it is hoped, will soon develop. The activity of the existing Branches has increased, both in the number of meetings held and in the attendance.

In the main, the subjects with which the Branches have dealt have been concerned with the second object of the Society, so that each member can gain a wider understanding of his own beliefs. It would seem that the Society having passed through the period of attention to material phenomena, had entered on a cycle of attention to the life of the soul itself. One may, perhaps, compare the psychic phenomena to the external life of the body, while the study and vital understanding of the various religions are essential steps in the deepening and increase of the life of the soul. In a way, such depth of interest means that we are concerned, not with a house and its conduct and maintenance, but with the life and consciousness of those who reside therein.

Thus the study connected with our third object may be said to be concerned with the collection and observation of isolated facts: the study of the second object, in part, with the explanations already given of those facts; in part, also, as we begin to realize it, we commence to become conscious of a basis of life which unifies those facts, the real life of the soul which is akin to yet differs widely from the external life of the phenomena. By these means, we approach the vital, *life-giving* study and realization of the first object of the Society, which has been laid out for and accepted by us in order that we may become conscious of that primal law under which the soul commences its conscious life as such—under which it exists as Soul—namely Unity—Universal Brotherhood.

With all good wishes to the Convention and its Members,

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY,

General Secretary.

Venezuela Branch

Cumaná, Venezuela.

Greetings and Report.

I send cordial greetings on the event of the coming Convention of The Theosophical Society. It is gratifying to report that since 1910 the Theosophical movement in our Republic has progressed and has spread in a manner that gives good promise for the future.

In our race, the basal element of which is Indian, the philosophies and religious doctrines of the Orient are readily assimilated, as if there were a spiritual tie between the splendid sub-race of the Ganges and the embryonic, incipient ferment of the sixth race, now developing in the American zone.

The two great white brotherhoods, of the Himalayas and the Andes, seem to be traveling on the same road to a common destiny—two races and two glorious civilizations. As Mr. Judge, with his clear and extensive vision, saw in the type of the enterprising, fervent, strong and capable North American of to-day, the re-appearance of the vigorous and brilliant men of Atlantis—perhaps we shall, in our turn be the primary factors in shaping the future man, who will enjoy the privilege of a new sense with which to study nature and life.

Theosophy, with us, does not present the revolutionary violence that ordinarily characterizes reforms. Notwithstanding the religious prejudices and the European conventionalities which have sowed here all the Castillian fanaticism, still the splendour of Aryan culture seems to belong to our environment and to our race. We shall therefore hope that by sustained propaganda and with books, periodicals and conferences, we may eventually succeed in enrolling a large number of our compatriots in the ranks of Universal Brotherhood.

Since April fifty-five members have joined this Branch of the Theosophical Society, according to the last report of the Secretary. Each one of these members is full of propaganda and is a source of strength and light. As soon as our resources permit we propose to have an assembly hall and a popular library; and to establish a periodical which shall serve to spread our ideas.

The Venezuela Branch feels deeply indebted to the disciples of Mr. Judge and wishes to express its best wishes for the success and peace of its brothers in North America.

F. Dominguez Acosta, *President.*

REPORTS FROM DELEGATES

Cincinnati

Three phases of the work of the Cincinnati Branch were reported by different delegates—Mr. Benninger speaking of the work as a whole, Miss Hohnstedt reporting the work as seen through the T. S. library activities, and Mr. Manning spoke of the syllabus which they use and of the class work. There was also read a letter from the Secretary of the Cincinnati Study Class. Between the lines of these reports could be discerned a gratifying vitality in the Branch and an active spirit of unity among the members.

Dayton

Mr. Vermillion of the Dayton Branch made a spirited address, illustrating the three-fold individuality which finds expression in the work of a T. S. Branch. That a Branch may be very much alive though its participating membership be temporarily depleted, was shown in this report. Out of 27 members, 21 were reported as absent in other cities or traveling.

Indianapolis

Mrs. Faulkner presented the report from Indianapolis, giving details of progress in connection with the study class. The Society was specially invited to hold its next annual convention at Indianapolis, and Mrs. Faulkner was requested to convey the thanks of the Convention for the courtesy thus extended by the Indianapolis Branch.

Providence

Each annual convention of the T. S. seems to strike its individual key-note, and a number of the reports from Branches sounded the key-note of the present Convention, but perhaps no single report was more perfectly in accord with the spirit of the day than Mrs. Sheldon's story of the life and work of the small Branch at Providence, R. I.

With slight accretion to its membership, but keeping up a work that is quiet, steady and very sure, the members of this Branch have seen the Theosophic Spirit gradually impress itself on the life of their city. It was hardly a surprise to find quoted in this report a letter from a Master to H. P. B. saying "Consider yourself a centre of force, etc."

Washington

In presenting the report of the Blavatsky Branch, Mrs. Gitt voiced the experience of many delegates present when she reported that devotional meetings were marked by deeper interest and larger attendance than meetings for the intellectual discussion of philosophy. Experience has also led this Branch to avoid "preaching at" visitors, and to avoid all antagonism, especially toward the various churches and their points of dogma. By following this Theosophic method, they have seen former communicants of both Protestant and Romish churches come to the Branch meetings, become oriented and return to active fellowship in the churches of their original allegiance.

Middletown

It was a joy in listening to Mrs. Gordon's report of the Middletown, Ohio, Branch, to find that there also the T. S. members sense an awakening in the community. So often in the history of man has apparent loss to the individual been transformed into eternal gain, both for himself and for his fellows, that it seemed a perfectly natural thing, as Mrs. Gordon related it, that one of our T. S. members in Middletown had through the loss of outward vision become a very beacon of the inward light—a true guide, consulted by many in their hour of spiritual darkness.

New York

Speaking for the New York Branch Mrs. Vera Johnston said that one of the gains of the Branch since the last Convention, was the positive conviction of a high kind of unity—a unity with those who have worked in the cause before, and a real sense of unity with those who in the future will carry on the work.

Touching on the gratitude which we ought to feel toward those who in the past have tried and failed, Mrs. Johnston went on to speak with affection for the members of T. S. who are "resting." They seemed to her in a sense the necessary ballast of the Theosophical movement—skirmishers in the last battle—and at the same time a responsibility, for were not some of them resting from weariness due not to sustaining the great principles we hold dear, but rather to the clash of personalities in any single group of workers.

For the T. S., said Mrs. Johnston, the day of propaganda has passed. This is the era in which errors are to be corrected—the era of conciliation and of tactful explanation of the truth.

Mr. Hargrove of the New York Branch said that Heaven, Purgatory and Hell are all realities here and now, and all at the same time. No one need remain in Hell who learns to accept the divine will and to renounce self-will. That is Purgatory. One step beyond, and we accept no more—we run to meet the gifts offered us; and that is Paradise.

There is in the world, concluded Mr. Hargrove, no such agency for gaining Paradise as the T. S. offers at this time.

LETTERS OF GREETING AND BRANCH REPORTS

The Chair then called for the reading of further letters of greeting and reports from Branches not represented by delegates. The following letters and reports being received and placed before the Convention.

Unity Branch

Indianapolis, Indiana.

Greeting and Report.

To the Members of the Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

The members of the Unity Branch send their greetings and wish to express their unqualified approval of all the acts of the Convention.

We wish to report that the year just closed has been a prosperous one in that it has not only drawn our members in closer union in the Theosophical work, but has also drawn others to us. The Branch has doubled its membership in the past eighteen months, now having twenty enrolled, of which number ten have joined us in the past year. There are several persons who meet with us quite frequently, and are engaged in the serious study of Theosophical writings.

We have public meetings each Wednesday evening at which some interesting subject is chosen for discussion, in which all are invited to participate. On the first Monday evening of each month we have a "members' meeting," in which the effort is towards the devotional side of Theosophy. During the last quarter year our average attendance has been: Members, thirteen; visitors, eight.

Grace A. Bradford, *Secretary.*

Cincinnati Branch

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Greetings.

To All Members of the Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

While the Cincinnati Branch has three good representatives present, Miss Margaret Hohnstedt, Mr. Guy Manning and our worthy Secretary, Mr. Fred Benninger, I hope one more greeting, from a member who greatly hoped to be there but cannot, is not amiss. The Theosophical Society Convention days are the big days of the year in my estimation. I will let the members present speak for the Branch. I want to say a few words for the Theosophical Society Study Class that meets every Thursday afternoon for members only. We have been meeting regularly since September, 1907. We had a meeting this afternoon and all members present sent good wishes for the success of the annual Convention. I believe a Study Class where members can meet and study and talk freely to one another, is one of the best helps a society can have. We meet and study the philosophy thoroughly, each one expresses himself and each tries to help the other. We divide the time between intellectual and devotional studies, for we know all temperaments are not alike, and we try to be prepared to talk *with* those we meet and not at them. Perfect harmony pervades that hour devoted to our studies, and thus we are striving to be worthy to be called "Companions" of our Elder Brethren.

Fraternally yours,

Caroline Whitny,
President Study Class.

PACIFIC BRANCH

Los Angeles, California.

Greetings.

To Fellow-members of the Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

Cordial greeting and congratulations from California.

The Pacific Branch sends hearty sympathy and co-operation in all good work for humanity.

Sincerely and fraternally,

M. ELLA PATERSON, *Secretary.*

QUEEN CITY BRANCH

Seattle, Washington.

Greeting and Report.

To the Members of the Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

DEAR COMRADES:

The members of Queen City Theosophical Society send hearty greetings, and most sincere good wishes for the present Convention. We hope all present will gain inspiration and courage for future work.

Headquarters for our Branch for the present are at 316 35th Avenue, Seattle, where students and inquirers are always welcome. Our regular Theosophical Society meeting is held on Friday afternoon and evening.

Our hearts will be with you during the hours of the Convention.

Fraternally,

JENNIE S. CLARK, *Secretary.* CHARLES J. CLARK, *President.*

STOCKTON BRANCH

Stockton, California.

Greeting.

Greetings from Stockton Branch and best wishes for the Convention Assembled.

We hold meetings regularly every Sunday morning.

Fraternally yours,

ALGIE C. KELSEY.

BOSTON BRANCH

Brighton, Massachusetts.

Greeting.

A meeting of our new Boston Theosophical Society was called for Saturday last. Three souls were present.

I wish our centre was a more vital one, but we shall "hold fast"—while life endures.

Peace to you and all the comrades.

Faithfully,

ELLEN MOFFETT.

TORONTO BRANCH

Toronto, Canada.

Report.

We are doing nothing startling but are just making an effort to keep up a center. Our best work is, I think, that with the "QUARTERLY." We have a Branch meeting once a month and one of our lady members has an afternoon reading circle meeting at her home, weekly.

One of our weekly newspapers publishes about two columns of Theosophy each week, the copy for which is supplied by one of our members. This reaches a large number of people.

If you are going to publish a list of Branches as in last "QUARTERLY" please include ours. I cannot pass on without saying how we like the "QUARTERLY." All our members are continually praising it. I don't believe there has been a Theosophical magazine so well read. Most of the members, if not all, read it from cover to cover.

Fraternally,

ALBERT J. HARRIS,
Secretary Toronto Branch.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

Mr. Hargrove, as Chairman of this Committee, reported that there seemed to be no resolutions requiring special debate. The following resolutions were then presented to the Convention, each in turn, upon motion, was unanimously adopted, and the Committee was discharged with the thanks of the Convention.

I. *Resolved:* That the Chairman of the Executive Committee on behalf of the Society, be requested to extend our fraternal greetings to the Conventions of foreign Branches, shortly to be held.

II. *Resolved:* That the Secretary of the Convention be instructed to acknowledge with cordial thanks the greetings of Branches, of Societies, and of individual members.

III. *Resolved:* That the Executive Committee be asked to consider the possibility of changing the date of the Convention from April to September or October.

IV. *Resolved:* That the Executive Committee be asked to arrange, whenever possible, for visits by some of the older members to the different Branches of the Society.

V. *Resolved:* That the thanks of the Convention and of the Society be extended and is hereby extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality received.

VI. *Resolved:* That the Treasurer be authorized to appoint, in his discretion, a deputy to assist in the work of the Treasuryship, and to whom may be given power to sign checks in the Treasurer's name, the Treasurer to remain responsible to the Society for all matters pertaining to the conduct of his office.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS

Mr. Griscom presented the following names in nomination, as selected by the Committee:

To fill the two regular vacancies in the Executive Committee, Dr. Keightley and Colonel T. H. Knoff.

For member of the Executive Committee, to fill the place of Dr. Butler—Mr. A. J. Harris, of Toronto.

For Treasurer, T. S.—Mr. H. B. Mitchell, of New York.

For Secretary, T. S.—Mrs. Ada Gregg, of Brooklyn.

Upon motion these several persons were unanimously elected, and the Committee on Nominations was discharged, with the thanks of the Convention.

ADJOURNMENT

There being no further business to transact, and the regular proceedings of the Convention having been concluded, a vote of thanks was unanimously extended to the Chairman of the Convention for his services as presiding officer, and upon motion it was voted to adjourn.

EVENING MEETING

As the evening of Convention Day was the time of the regular meeting of the New York Branch, the delegates were invited to attend and to take part in the discussion of the evening.

The Chairman, Mr. Hargrove, opened the meeting with a short address which served to compass the results of the Convention, and to relate the spirit of the Convention to the work of the Branch and to the problems of the individual member.

Three questions remaining unanswered at the last meeting of the New York Branch provided the material for discussion:

I. "Does a disciple, in point of fact, follow the dictum of his Master, whether it appeals to his reason or not?"

II. "Is the relation between Master and disciple an accidental relation?"

III. "Is it better that one should follow his own best judgment even when that judgment seems of doubtful wisdom, or is it better to follow the judgment of another whose wisdom has proven worthy of confidence?"

Mr. Johnston said:

It seems that there are two views of the work of a Theosophist, or perhaps I should say of a member of The Theosophical Society. The first, and a very natural one, is that we have to bring a doctrine, just as a Church, or a sectarian religion like Islam, brings a doctrine, which separates the world into believers and unbelievers, faithful and infidels.

The second view is, that we have to bring, not a doctrine, but a living spirit. And, as I have been sitting listening to this debate, and at the same time looking at the beautiful flowers on the Chairman's table, it has come into my mind that we have here, ready to hand, a pretty illustration of the difference between these two views of our work and opportunity.

You see that the white electric light, which has almost the quality of pure sunlight, pours down equally on the lovely red of these roses, on the greenness of their leaves and of the ferns, on the golden yellow of the daffodils, and on the pale blue of the irises. And each of these flowers, bathing in the pure and even light, draws from it just those rays which it needs, to express and make manifest its own peculiar beauty. The rose takes the red rays, the daffodil the yellow, the iris the blue, the ferns the green. So the fair and even sunlight, or this light here, which is but sunlight compressed and revived, but the resurrection of that sunlight which fell on geologic forests, brings to all flowers, and to all things, just what they need to express and make manifest the beauty that is in them.

But if our light were one-colored, red alone, or blue alone, or yellow alone, or green alone, then it would bring forth and make manifest only that hue and quality which answers to its own. If it were red, only the roses would show true, while daffodil and iris would be marred and travestied; if it were yellow, then the daffodils would have their gold, but the roses would be blackened, and the iris would be defaced.

Try the experiment. Dissolve salt in alcohol. Soak a piece of cotton wool in it, light it in a dark room, and into that pure yellow light bring a bouquet of many-colored flowers. Do this, and you will have a silent parable far more eloquent than any words of mine.

Therefore, I am a devotee of sunlight. I think we should bring, to those about us, not a doctrine, not yellow light, or red, or blue, but the white light of everlasting day. Then will each gather from that light just those rays that are needed for his own spirit, which will show forth true in that even radiance.

We are told that the light of a Master is like the sunshine; that his disciples embody and reflect the different rays, one red, another blue, and so on. Take

this as a parable, and understand that no one disciple, reflecting one ray alone, can truly express the life of the Master. He can express one aspect, one side of it. Only a united group of disciples, each with his own ray can truly express all aspects of the Master's spirit.

So with the religions of the world. If there be an exclusive religion, a sectarian Church, its view of life will be exactly like the yellow sodium ray falling on the many-colored flowers. Its one color will come out conspicuously true, even if without shading. All other colors will be given back defaced, blackened, warped. This is a true and lively picture of the working of a sectarian mind. And it is well said: Who becomes a sectarian, ceases to be a Theosophist. Only by taking the truth as it comes from all religions, and all races, do we get the true radiance of the spiritual sun.

Therefore let us bring no colored ray, but pure sunlight; not a doctrine, but the very spirit of life.

Mrs. Griscom, being asked to deal with the question of an accidental relation between Master and disciple, repeated a passage from Mr. Judge's *Letters That Have Helped Me,* and continuing made it quite luminously clear that however accidental may or may not be the trifling associations of daily life, the relation between Master and disciple is on the causal plane, in the world of realities where no event is accidental.

Mr. Benninger, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Manning, Mr. Griscom and others, contributed to the discussion, which, as it continued, seemed to make it more and more evident that the difficulties which gave rise to the three questions are difficulties of the limited rational mind.

As Mr. Johnston reminded us, the very difficult and puzzling problems are always those that try to deal with the future or with the past, the two times which the disciple has least to consider, while the duty of the moment is always clear if one in that moment wishes heartily to obey.

The matter of authority was very happily phrased by Mrs. Griscom: "As between Master and disciple, all the authority belongs to the disciple; the Master can have only that authority which his disciple gives him."

As Mr. Mitchell gave a final synthesis of the evening's discussion it became clearer that the question was not as to how much authority one should yield to the Master, but rather, how much of one's life may be so purified through love and sacrifice and obedience as to render it possible to live in the presence of the Master,—to walk with Him in the small, old Path.

THE SUNDAY ADDRESS

On the Sunday afternoon following, Mr. Charles Johnston gave a public address on "Theosophy and the Great Religions."

With this very able address the activities of the Convention came to an end.

KARL D. PERKINS,
Secretary of the Convention.